

YOUNG FOLKS'



Entertainments

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF

EDUCATION AND ORATORY

Philadelphia

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ENTERTAINMENTS,

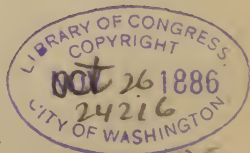
COMPRISING

MOTION SONGS, CHARADES, PANTOMIMES, TABLEAUX, CONCERT
RECITATIONS, DRILLS, ETC., ETC.,

WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THIS WORK BY
E. C. & L. J. ROOK.

“There's no want of meat, sir! portly and curious viands are prepared to please
all kinds of appetites.”—MASSINGER.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,
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PREFACE.

MUCH experience in the preparation of school entertainments, has shown the great difficulty of finding *new material of just the right quality* for presentation. These entertainments have multiplied to such an extent during the last few years, that the good and sprightly matter contained in the old books has been used and re-used, until a fresh supply seems to be an imperative demand.

This little work has been prepared with the design of partially supplying this demand, and much care has been taken to make of it, a book meet for the purpose. School entertainments of the present time generally present a much more varied performance than of old, and the call for variety has been met in this book, by the careful preparation of motion-songs, drills, charades, concert recitations, and tableaux.

The dialogues and recitations have also been prepared with care and thought, and the preservation of a pure, moral tone throughout them, has been kept ever in view, since it is not possible to be too careful in this respect, in preparing matter for use by young minds.

Nearly all the numbers given are suited to production on the common school stage, requiring not many auxiliaries in the form of dressing-room, costumes, or stage properties.

In order to be sure that they are what they were designed and desired to be, many of the numbers have been given a practical trial upon the school stage at entertainments.

Ample explanations have been given, wherever they were deemed necessary to simplify any difficulty in arrangement.

A classification of the numbers, under appropriate heads, has been made to modify the task of "looking over" for just the style of article needed.

With this statement of the aim and method of the work, **YOUNG FOLKS' ENTERTAINMENTS** is sent forth to speak for itself.

E. C. ROOK,
L. J. ROOK.

AUGUST, 1886.

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YOUNG FOLKS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

ACTING CHARADES.

KEYSTONE.

ACT FIRST.—*Key.*

SCENE.—*A school-room, with not less than thirteen scholars, some seated studying, others standing in groups, or walking up and down with their books open before them.*

Laura (looking up from a book and glancing at the clock).—Miss Marshall is late this morning, isn't she?

Lulu.—Yes. I wish she wouldn't come at all.

Ned.—So do I; then we wouldn't have to worry over our lessons to-day.

Laura.—There comes Joe Watson. He looks as if he had been worrying about something. (*Enter Joe.*) What's the matter, Joe?

Joe.—Matter enough. Did any of you see the Key to my Arithmetic lying around loose as you came to school this morning?

Fanny.—Your key? h'm! No wonder you always have your examples right.

Joe.—I don't copy the answers, anyhow.

Lulu.—I suppose not. You only use the key as a sort of guide, don't you?

Joe.—Of course I do. But you haven't answered my question yet. Do you know anything about it?

Fanny.—When did you lose it?

Joe.—I think it must have slipped from under my arm when I was going home last night.

Ned.—That just reminds me. I did see a man pick up a key last night as I was going down the street.

Joe.—You did? Who was it? Do you know him?

Ned.—I do not know his name. He was an organ-grinder.

Joe.—Are you sure it was a key?

Ned.—If it wasn't I'll never trust my eyes again, but I don't believe it was yours.

Joe.—What kind of a key was it? Had it a brown back?

Ned.—No, it had a gray back. It was a mon-key. *(All laugh.)*

Joe.—I've a great mind to throw this book at your head. *(Holds the book as though going to throw it.)*

Laura.—Wait until we get out of the way, please.

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT SECOND.—*Stone.*

SAME SCENE.—*Noon intermission—Scholars eating their lunch, reading, etc.*

[*Enter Joe, carrying a good sized stone.*]

Laura.—Oh, girls, look what Joe has. What are you going to do with that stone, Joe?

Fanny.—I hope you are not going to throw it at Ned for teasing you this morning.

Joe.—Don't be frightened. This is my contribution toward the lesson we are to have this afternoon on Minerals.

Ned.—Sure enough! Miss Marshall did ask us to bring specimens. I forgot all about it.

Laura.—And so did I.

Lulu.—I brought a little piece of soft coal.

Mary.—And I have a beautiful variegated stone that I brought from Luray Cave last summer.

Joe.—Good for you. Suppose I go around among all who are here, and see how many specimens I can collect for Miss Marshall.

Ned.—That's a good idea. Take my hat.

(Joe takes hat and passes it around among the scholars, collecting a number of stones, which he piles upon a table. The school bell is heard and curtain falls.)

ACT THIRD.—*Keystone.*

SAME SCENE.—*Morning before school-time.*

Kate.—Do you know your geography lesson, girls?

Lulu.—I don't. I haven't looked at it.

Fanny.—Neither have I. What's it about?

Ned.—That's a pretty question. You had better ask Miss Marshall.

Laura.—It is not a very difficult lesson—chiefly about the Keystone State.

Lulu.—The Keystone State! What's that? I never heard of it before.

Joe.—Nevertheless, you have lived in that State a number of years, I believe.

Ned.—And in a state of ignorance, too.

Lulu.—Oh, you mean Pennsylvania, do you? Why didn't you say so in plain English?

Fanny.—Why do they give it such a name, I wonder.

Kate.—Well, I will try to explain it to you.

Laura.—I say, Kate, suppose we make a practical illustration of it. There's nothing like illustration for making a deep impression, you know. Doesn't that sound like Miss Marshall?

Ned.—A little.

Kate.—Well, have we thirteen scholars here of about the same size?

Laura.—We'll want one tall one.

Joe.—I'll count heads. Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve. Oh, yes, we've lots of 'em. Now, what are you going to do with 'em?

Laura.—We're going to represent the Thirteen Original Colonies. We'll form an arch. You two, Joe and Ned, can be the end men. Ella Gray, being the tallest girl here, must take the central position—the highest point being the keystone of the arch.

Ned.—Come forward, Ella, and let's see what kind of a Pennsylvania you'll make.

Laura.—Very good. Now the rest take places forming an arch. (*They quickly do so.*)

Fanny.—Now I'm beginning to see what you mean.

Kate.—Stand perfectly still, all of you. Here comes Miss Marshall. We'll give her a surprise.

(*The arch makes a pretty tableau, the effect of which may be heightened by having a red light thrown over it.*)

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

PACKAGE.

Scene 1—Pack.
Scene 2—Age.
Scene 3—Package.

CHARACTERS, { HELEN.
IRENE.
RUSSELL.

SCENE ONE.

Helen (kneeling on the floor with an open valise before her, which she is packing).—Oh! dear, I fear I can never get all these things into this small valise, and

I do not want to take a trunk, as I am to stay so short a time.

Irene (*entering*).—Why, Helen, what are you about? Are you going away? And why that distressed expression of countenance?

Helen.—One question at a time, please. Yes, I am to go to my grandfather's, a short distance out of town, for a few days, and my distress arises from my inability to pack all these clothes into this valise.

Irene.—But why take so many?

Helen.—Because it is to be a time of festivity at the old homestead. My Cousin Russell, who has always lived at Grandpa's since his mother's death, attains his majority in three days, and there will be loads of company to do honor to the occasion.

Irene.—Ah! then 'tis a duty as well as a pleasure for you to be well dressed, and, in such a case, I will offer my valuable assistance to help you pack. Do you know it is quite an art to pack a valise properly?

Helen.—An art in which I am woefully deficient, so lend a hand to help the needy in distress.

Irene (*proceeding to put things in neatly and compactly*).—Practice makes perfect in this as in other things, and I have had my full share of practice. I've packed trunks, packed boxes, packed lunch-baskets, packed everything, till I'm perfectly at home in the work. Nothing like a large family of brothers and sisters to aid one in becoming an expert.

Helen.—I have bought a birthday present for Russell, but it is to be sent out by express on the important day, so I do not have that to bother with.

Irene.—There, your clothes are in, all right! Are you not glad I came in at the right moment?

Helen.—Yes, indeed! Thank you, thank you. I'll know where to turn for aid the next time I am in need of some one to help me—*pack!*

SCENE TWO.

Place—Grandpa's parlor. Time—Morning.

Helen.—So, Cousin Russell, this day brings you to the title and estate of manhood! Twenty-one to-day! Don't you begin to feel the responsibility of your age?

Russell.—With my fair Cousin Helen to tutor me, how can I fail to realize that I am a man—legally a man. Not that I feel any older than I did yesterday! This “coming of age” arrived just as easily and naturally as any event possibly could.

Helen.—Why, of course! But I think it must be just splendid to be a man, a young man with every good thing to look forward to, as the goal to which his own efforts may carry him. Not but that I am very well satisfied to be a girl, myself.

Russell.—Yes, I must say, I am eager for the fray, for the contest with the world and Dame Fortune, which shall lead me to—success. Of course, I don't look for any other result.

Helen.—I certainly wish you every good fortune. But I must not stand here talking. There's everything to be done to-day to make ready for that grand party of yours this evening, that is to celebrate your coming of age. Will you come and help me with the dining-room decorations? That is what I came to ask you.

Russell.—Certainly, my dear cousin, I'll come! I'm not proud, notwithstanding my great superiority in point of—*age.*

SCENE THREE.

Time—Afternoon.

*Helen (alone, getting up to look out of the window).—*Why doesn't that present for Russell come? I'm getting nervous over its delay. I will be so very much disappointed if it fail to arrive before night. (*Walking restlessly up and down.*) Why don't it come?

*Russell (entering).—*Ah! here you are. I've been looking for you. (*Helen looks out of the window.*) What are you looking for? You seem excited.

*Helen.—*Oh! nothing, nothing! (*Looks again.*)

*Russell.—*Are you expecting some "nearer one still, and dearer one yet than all other," that you seem so impatient?

*Helen.—*No, of course, not. How absurd you are! (*Looks out again, and in a tone of relief,*) There he is now. How glad I am. (*Runs out.*)

*Russell.—*Well, that's cool! She expects no one, yet says, "There he is," as if a paradise had opened to her view. I wonder what is the matter with her. (*Looks out.*) I do not see any one who could possibly interest her.

*Helen (re-entering with a large package).—*There, sir, you do not deserve it because of your teasing, but you have had my congratulations on this great occasion, and now you will find a more substantial token of my cousinly esteem, if you will condescend to accept and open this—*package.*

IDOLIZE.

For four girls and one boy—BERTHA, CLARA, MAY, GRACE, and FRED.

SCENE FIRST.—*I (eye).*

Bertha (sitting in a large chair, with her eye bandaged).
—Oh, dear! Now for another long, tiresome day, I suppose. The doctor says I must not read, and I have nothing to do but sit here and grumble. I do wish something would happen,—I'd be willing to—(*a knock is heard*). Come in. (*Aside.*) I wonder who it is.

[*Enter Clara.*]

Clara.—Why, my dear Bertha! (*Going up to her and kissing her.*) How are you to-day? I heard you were sick, and I've come to stay with you awhile.

Bertha.—Oh, how delightful! No, I am not exactly sick, but in some way I have hurt my eye and the doctor says I must not use it for a long time. I can't read, I can't write, I can't study, and I can't go out of the house.

Clara.—My! what a horrid lot of can'ts. Now let me hear what you can do.

Bertha.—Well, I can talk, for one thing. The injury to my eye hasn't hurt my tongue any, I'm happy to say.

Clara.—So I see, and I suppose you can play too—quiet plays, can't you?

Bertha.—Why, yes, anything that doesn't tax my eye. That's what the doctor said.

Clara.—Well, I have a plan. You sit here and be an invalid—that's what they call a person that's not very

sick, you know—and I'll bring a surprise party to your house.

Bertha.—Whom will you bring?

Clara.—Oh, that's the surprise. You mustn't ask questions.

Bertha.—Then how will I know how to play?

Clara.—All you have to do is to sit in this chair and receive us when we come in. I'm going now to get ready. I will be back soon.

[*Exit Clara.*]

SCENE SECOND.—*Dol (doll).*

(*Bertha lying back in the chair with her eye still bandaged. Enter Clara, followed by two little girls—May and Grace.*)

Bertha (springing up).—Why, Clara, this is a real surprise party. Where did you all come from?

Clara.—Not very far away.

May (carrying a doll).—See what we have brought you, *Bertha.*

Bertha.—Oh, how lovely. Is it for me?

All.—Yes, for you alone.

Grace.—We thought it would be company for you while you are kept from school.

Bertha.—How kind. I know I shall love my doll. What beautiful hair and eyes it has.

May.—Take good care of it, and don't let it get sick.

SCENE THIRD.—*Ize (eyes).*

Bertha (holding her doll, whose eyes are bandaged with a handkerchief, and humming softly)—

“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.”

There, my darling, you will be better soon, I hope. Hark! some one is knocking. Come in.

[*Enter Clara, May, and Grace.*]

Bertha.—Oh, girls, my baby's very sick.

Girls.—Why what's the matter with her, *Bertha*?

Bertha.—Oh, an awful thing—in-flam-ma-tion of the eyes. I saw that word in my speller.

Grace.—Dreadful! How did she get it?

Bertha.—Caught it from me, I guess. Such things are caughting, you know.

May.—Catching, you mean.

Bertha.—Yes, that's what I mean; but she is worse than I am, for she has it in both eyes, while I have it only in one. (*Pressing her doll close to her.*) There, my little darling, don't you cry. What would I do if I should lose you?

Clara.—We will go now and send the doctor.

Grace.—We will call again in a little while to see how your darling is.

[*Exit Clara, Grace, and May. Bertha retires by another door.*]

SCENE FOURTH.—*I-dol-ize.*

(*Curtain rises, disclosing the four girls, kneeling around the doll, which is lying upon a small bed or chair.*)

(*Enter Doctor. Placing his hand upon the doll's head.*)

Madam, the crisis is passed.

Girls (rising).—Oh, doctor, what do you mean?

Doctor.—The child will live.

Bertha.—Oh, I could cry for joy. Thank you, doctor, for saving my precious baby; the baby I so idolize.

Clara.—We all thank you, doctor, for that darling child is the idol of our hearts.

Doctor.—That should not be. No mother should idolize her child. It's very wrong, ladies, very wrong. But I must be going; other babies need me. Good-day.

All.—Good-bye, doctor.

Bertha (to the audience).—

Now, you who this charade have heard,
May have a chance to guess the word.

[*Exit all.*]

BREAKFAST.

For Two Little Girls and One Boy.

ACT FIRST.—*Break.*

SCENE.—*A sitting-room.*

(*Mary standing in the centre of the floor holding the body of a doll in one hand and its head in the other. Grace, a little distance from her, looking sorrowfully at the doll and holding her own doll in her hand.*)

Mary (in a loud, angry tone).—You're a mean, hateful girl—I don't like you, and I'll never speak to you again. My beautiful, beautiful doll!

Grace.—Indeed, Mary. I didn't mean to break it. You don't know how sorry I am.

Mary.—You're not sorry. I believe you did it on purpose, and I wish you would go home.

Grace.—Can't you stick the head on?

Mary.—Stick it on! No, it would fall right off again. I tell you it's a *break*, and that's the end of it.

Grace.—I'm sorry you lent it to me.

Mary.—So am I; you're a naughty, careless little girl.

Grace.—Will you have my Rosie, instead? (*offering her own doll*). She's not so pretty as yours was, but she's nice.

Mary.—Have Rosie? Why, she can't compare with my doll. No, I want my own, and you have spoiled it.

Grace.—Maybe mamma will give me money to buy you a new one; I'll go and ask her; where's my hat? (*crying as she turns to go*).

[*Enter George.*]

George.—Hey-day! What's the matter here? This is a pretty tableau—gentle Gracie crying, and my spit-fire of a sister there looking like a small thunder-storm.

Mary.—Oh, look, George, what Gracie did. She pulled my poor doll's head off.

Grace.—I didn't mean to break it, George. I only took hold of its head with my hand and it came right off.

George.—Oh, you wicked little executioner! Let me see the doll (*Mary hands the body to him*). Where is the head?

Mary.—Here it is.

George (*taking the head and trying to fit it on the body*).—A compound fracture, I should say; but I'll be the doctor, and soon set this all right.

Mary.—Can you mend it, George?

Grace.—I will be so glad if you can.

George.—A little glue is all that it needs.

Mary.—Then it isn't a very bad break?

George.—I've seen worse. I just now saw one that beat this all hollow.

Grace.—Where? What was it, George?

George.—A break-down, or rather a break-up, on the car track;—carriage run into by a passenger car. It

was on a down-grade, and the driver couldn't put the brake on in time to prevent the crash.

Mary.—Was any one hurt?

George.—No; but the carriage was broken into flinders. I heard the driver say (he was an Irishman) he would take an axe and break his own stupid pate before he would ride in front of the bloonderin' cars again. But I must be off now, and madam (*turning to Mary*), lend me the loan of your baby, and in a few hours she shall be restored to you, whole, and in her right mind. (*Goes out.*)

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT SECOND.—*Fast.*

SCENE.—*Same as first.*

(*Mary sewing baby clothes; Grace sitting near her holding her doll, Rosie, on her lap.*)

Mary.—See, this little dress is nearly done. Isn't it pretty?

Grace.—Very. How soon do you think George—I mean the doctor—will bring your daughter home?

Mary.—I am looking for him every minute. Oh, there he comes, now. See how fast he is walking.

(*Enter George, carrying a doll like the one he took away. Cheap dolls can be used.*)

George.—Good afternoon, ladies. I have come as fast as my horses could bring me to restore to your arms, madam (*addressing Mary*), your precious babe, which I have been the means of rescuing from the very jaws of death.

Mary.—Oh, thank you, doctor (*takes the doll*).

Grace.—Are you sure her head is quite fast?

George.—Try it and see.

Mary (holding it by the head).—Look, Gracie, it seems to be as fast—

George.—As a fish on a hook.

Grace.—What a good George you are.

George.—“What a good doctor you are,” I guess you meant to say. (*Turning to Mary.*) Do you think, madam, that your child is worth a thousand dollars to you? for that is the amount of my bill.

Mary.—You are rather fast in making your bill, I think. I shall not be so fast in paying you.

George.—Well, we won't quarrel about it now—take your own time. I must go now (*pulling out a watch*). It's six o'clock, and I've had no dinner to-day. Quite a long fast for me. Good-bye.

Both.—Good-bye.

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT THIRD.—*Breakfast.*

Same scene.

(*The two girls sitting with their dolls. Small table set for three.*)

Mary.—I'm so glad you stayed all night, Gracie. You and George and I will have breakfast all by ourselves, for mamma and papa had theirs two hours ago, and have gone to New York (*name the nearest town*) to do some shopping.

Grace.—Where is George?

Mary.—Not up yet. He's an awful lazy boy, Grace.

Grace.—Is he lazy? I think he's a good brother, anyhow. I'm so glad he mended your doll.

Mary.—Yes, he's good enough. (*Enter George.*) So

you've come at last, have you? We are waiting breakfast for you.

(All sit down at table. Mary pours out; they spread napkins on their laps and go through the motions of eating.)

George.—This is what I like—to have breakfast ready for me just when I am ready for it. *(Glancing at clock.)* Eight o'clock, is it? Well, that's time enough to break one's fast, isn't it, Gracie?

Grace.—It's time enough for me.

Mary.—But remember school begins at nine, and we've some lessons to look over yet.

George.—Bother the lessons! I like coffee and bread better than books, and I am going to enjoy them while I can.

Mary (rising).—Well, help yourself—we are going. Are you ready, Grace?

Grace (rising).—Yes, I'm ready.

George (also rising).—I'm not going to be left here alone. That was a good breakfast, but you girls wouldn't let a fellow half appreciate it.

Mary.—You can eat a double one to-morrow, George. Let's go into the library and study a few minutes, and then we'll get ready for school.

[*Exit.*]

PIOUS.

For Three Girls and One Boy.

SCENE FIRST.—*Pie.*

(Julia standing at a table, with pie-board, flour, rolling-pin, etc., before her, holding an unbaked pie.)

Julia.—There! don't that look nice? I know mamma thought I couldn't do this, and won't she be surprised

when she comes home and sees this pie all nicely baked. Who couldn't make a pie, I'd like to know! It's the easiest thing in the world. Now, I never made one before, and I don't believe even mamma herself could have done better. (*Voices are heard—Julia, where are you?*) There come those troublesome children. I wonder what they want.

[*Enter Lulu and Oscar.*]

Lulu.—Oh, Julia, have you seen—(*catching a glimpse of the pie*)—Why, what are you doing? Where did you get that pie?

Oscar.—You didn't make that, did you?

Julia.—Yes, children, I did; and now I am going to put it in the oven, and when it is done you shall both have a piece.

Lulu.—Let us look at it again, sister. Doesn't it look nice, Oscar?

Oscar.—Beautiful. Who showed you how to make it, sis?

Julia.—No one. Don't you suppose I know how to make a pie? (*Carrying it away as if to put it in the oven.*)

Lulu.—Is it green apple?

Julia.—Yes, it's green apple, your favorite pie, Lulu.

Oscar.—I say, sis, you're a jewel; but are you sure you put all the ingredients in?

Julia.—If by ingredients you mean salt and pepper, of course I did. I saw mamma season the pot-pie the other day, so I knew very well how to do that part of it.

Oscar.—Well, the proof of the pudding—the pie, I mean—is in the eating; and I'll be ready and willing to prove it well as soon as it's cool.

Lulu.—You won't forget us when it's done, will you, Julia?

Julia.—No. Go out now and finish your game, and in about half-an-hour I think you can have a taste of it.

SCENE SECOND.—*Us.*

(*Julia sitting near the table, on which stands a baked pie.*)

Julia.—I wish mamma would come now, I am so anxious to show her this pie. I think she will be so pleased to know that I can do such things.

[*Enter Lulu and Oscar.*]

Oscar.—I say, Jule, is that pie baked yet? Oh, yes; here it is, Lulu; just look at it.

Lulu.—It's for us, Julia, isn't it?

Oscar.—Yes, sis, you'll give it all to us, won't you? We're so hungry.

Julia.—That is just like you two. Give it all to us, indeed. Don't you think anybody else wants a taste of my first pie?

Lulu.—You promised it to us.

Julia.—Now, Lulu, that's not so. But you and Oscar are so selfish; you think of no one but yourselves. It's "us, us" with you all the time. First, it's "Julia, won't you take us to the Park?" Then, "Please write an excuse for us for being late to school;" or "Treat us to ice-cream," or do something else for us; and now it's "Give the pie to us," and I'm tired of hearing that word "us" fifty times a day.

Oscar.—Well, then, give the pie to we. Does that suit you any better?

Julia.—Don't be pert. I'll give you each a piece now, although I did not want to cut it until mamma had seen it. (*Takes a knife and proceeds to cut it*)

Oscar.—Cut good, generous slices, that's a dear, for I feel awful empty and faint.

Julia (*handing each a piece*).—There; I hope that will satisfy you. (*They both take a bite, but evidently find it very tough, and after getting a mouthful they make very wry faces, and commence spitting it out and wiping their mouths, as if to get rid of the taste.*)

Julia (*aghast*).—What's the matter? Are you choking?

Oscar.—I say, Jule, what do you call this?

Lulu.—Oh, it's dreadful, *Julia*.

Oscar.—You made this of old leather, and seasoned it well to make it go down, didn't you.

Lulu.—I guess you forgot the sugar, *Julia*, and it doesn't taste as if it had any shortening in, either.

Oscar.—Help yourself, *Julia*. You needn't save any more for us, for we, I mean. We won't be greedy. Come on, *Lulu*. [*Exit Lulu and Oscar.*]

Julia.—They're right, I never once thought of the sugar or lard. And I don't believe salt and pepper were just the right things to put in it, either. How glad I am that mamma hasn't come yet. I'll get rid of it right away, before she has a chance to see it. What a failure I have made, and I suppose I will never hear the last of it, either, from *Oscar*. I shall have to endure hearing him say a dozen times a day, at least, "Julia, have you any pie for us, for we, I mean." He's such a tease. (*Picks up the pie and retires.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Pious.*

(*Julia reclining in a chair. Enter Oscar and Lulu.*)

Oscar.—Oh, *Julia*, "if you have any tears, prepare to shed them now." Here comes that saintly Aunt Keziah from the village, and she's in her saintliest mood, too, judging by the way she walks.

Julia.—Oh, dear! I wonder what sin we have committed now, that she is coming to lecture us about.

Oscar.—Maybe she has heard of that pie you baked this morning, and is coming to have you arrested for cruelty to children.

Lulu.—Oh, Oscar, don't tease Julia.

Julia.—Hush, children, here she is.

(Enter Aunt Keziah, wearing a plain dress, and looking very solemn.)

Julia.—Good afternoon, Auntie, here's a chair. Are you well?

Aunt K.—As well as I ought to be. I never complain. Where's your mother?

Julia.—She's gone out to spend the day. Can I do anything for you? Will you have a glass of water?

Oscar.—Or a piece of pie, Aunt Keziah? Julia, bring in the pie—and a hatchet.

Aunt K.—No, Oscar, I never indulge in pie.

Oscar.—Don't like it, eh? Why, Auntie, I've always heard that you were very pious.

Aunt K.—And I trust I am; I trust I am. And that's the reason I deny myself such expensive luxuries. The money they cost would be better spent on the poor.

Oscar.—But, Auntie, you would really be doing a very pious act in helping us to get rid of the "expensive luxury" that Julia baked this morning.

Julia.—Now, Oscar, be still, or I shall complain to mamma when she comes home. You are very unkind.

Aunt K.—Your brother means nothing but kindness to me, I'm sure, and you should keep your temper under better control. You need piety, Julia, piety.

Oscar.—Didn't I tell you so, sis?

Aunt K.—And Lulu, I was astonished to see you smiling in church last Sunday;—it was entirely out of place—entirely out of place.

Lulu.—Why, Auntie, I can't help laughing and being happy, and mamma doesn't think it's wrong.

Julia.—No, Aunt Keziah, mamma likes to see her children cheerful and happy; but I hope you don't think we have been rude to you?

Aunt K.—Not a bit more rude than I should expect from children raised as you have been. I can do you no good, so I will take my departure.

J., O. and Lulu.—Good-bye, Auntie. (*No response.*)

Julia.—Poor woman! she thinks she's pious; and mamma says she is really very good, but she has mistaken ideas.

Oscar.—I should say so; and look here, Julia, are you pious enough to forgive me for teasing you about your morning's baking?

Julia.—Oh, that's all right. It was an awful dose, I know, and I deserve to have the conceit taken out of me. Let's go now and play a game of croquet.

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

CHARADES IN PANTOMIME.

In presenting Charades, there should be a preparatory announcement made by the "Master of Ceremonies," in which he shall state the number of syllables the word contains, and whether the first scene represents the whole word with the syllables represented afterward, or vice versa. At the close of the acting of the charade, he should invite the audience to name the word if they have guessed it. There have been prepared a few of these announcements in rhyme, which will suit any one of the pantomimic charades given in this book. Any one who does not wish to use these rhymes can make his announcement in a prose statement.

ANNOUNCEMENT No. 1.

A charade in pantomime,
Will now employ our time.

A word of syllables two,
We'll offer to your view.

And first each part appears,
To your eyes—not to your ears.

Then the two parts combined
Complete the word in mind.

[At the close.]

Will you pronounce the word
Which we with signs have shown?
I'm sure you must have guessed,
So please now make it known.

ANNOUNCEMENT No. 2.

Two syllables form the word,
Which is to you referred.

Scenes 1 and 2 must show
These syllables two, you know.
And then shall come scene 3,
In which the whole you'll see.

[At the close.]

What word is in your thought
From our dumb motions caught?
Though not a sound you've heard,
I think you've guessed our word.

PHANTOM.

ACT ONE.—*Fan.*

Two girls occupy a room furnished as a sitting-room. One reclines on a lounge, as though not well. She motions to the other to bring her something from the table. The second girl brings, first a book, then a glass of water. The sick girl shakes her head impatiently, and makes the motion of fanning. The other then brings a fan, and fans her till the curtain falls.

ACT TWO.—*Tom.*

Same scene. A knock is heard, and the well girl goes to the door and returns with a closed basket, which she proceeds to open. The sick girl raises herself to watch the operation. In the basket is found a large cat, with a card on his neck, having the letters T O M plainly printed thereon. On taking the cat from the basket, the card must be turned that the audience may plainly see the name. Both girls look delighted, and caress the cat till the curtain falls.

ACT THREE.—*Phantom.*

Same scene. The two girls are apparently enjoying a pleasant chat, when a tall figure dressed in a sheet, or other ghost-like apparel, appears, and beckons with outstretched hand to the frightened girls. They shrink back, and still the spectre beckons till the curtain falls.

BANDAGE.

ACT ONE.—*Band.*

Several boys having different musical instruments, as a cornet, a flute, a violin, a mouth-organ, a drum, etc., march upon the stage and take places in a double or triple row, as a band does. Placing their instruments in position as for a musical performance, they go through the motions of playing, then march off again.

ACT TWO.—*Age.*

A man and woman, in apparently extreme old age, bent nearly double, carrying canes upon which they lean heavily with every appearance of decrepitude, hobble slowly across the stage and disappear.

ACT THREE.—*Bandage.*

A youth with a large gash upon his arm (made with red paint) is showing the wound to a young lady, who, shuddering, hastily procures a large handkerchief, or piece of linen, and carefully, but dexterously, proceeds to bandage the wounded arm, after which they walk off the stage, the youth leaning on the lady's arm as though very weak.

PARENT.

SCENE ONE.—*Pay.*

A gentleman is seated at a desk on which are papers and a bag of money. Enter employés one at a time, to

each of whom he pays a sum of money, they passing out as they receive it.

SCENE TWO.—*Rent.*

A notice of "Houses for Sale or Rent" is posted up, and a man is standing looking at it, as though carefully reading it. His coat has a large rent in the back, to which a small boy is pointing and laughing.

SCENE THREE.—*Parent.*

A man in dressing-gown and slippers is sitting in a rocking-chair, with an infant or small child upon his knee, which he dandles and caresses.

WAYLAID.

ACT FIRST.—*Weigh (Way).*

SCENE.—A kitchen. A gentleman sitting by a table with a newspaper in his hand. Enter lady, bearing a pan of berries or other fruit, which she places on the table, and proceeds to weigh the fruit in scales, the gentleman assisting by emptying the contents of the scales as they are filled (or apparently filled) into a small preserving kettle that stands near. The lady finally places the kettle on the stove, and both go out.

ACT SECOND.—*Lade (laid).*

SCENE.—The same room. Gentleman lounging in the chair. Enter lady bearing a waiter of glass jars, which she sets on the table. She then picks up a ladle,

motions to the gentleman, who comes forward and holds the jars, while she proceeds to dip out the fruit and fill them. [*Exit.*]

ACT THIRD.—*Waylaid.*

SCENE.—A street. Gentleman walking thoughtfully and slowly along. Suddenly a rough-looking fellow confronts him, seizes him by the throat, and by his gestures demands his pocket-book and watch. After a short struggle the valuables are surrendered, the robber disappears, the gentleman walking off in the opposite direction.

RAINBOW.

SCENE ONE.—*Rain.*

Six or eight or more persons walk across the stage by ones or twos dressed in rainy-day attire, some wearing gossamer water-proofs, and all carrying raised umbrellas. Some step carefully, as though avoiding puddles.

SCENE TWO.—*Bow.*

A young man enters with violin. Placing it in position for playing, he finds that the bow is missing. He looks here and there for it. While looking he picks up a piece of ribbon, which he ties tastefully in a bow on the end of his violin. At length he finds the lost bow, and with a pleased look he proceeds to rosin it, and flourish it about in the air.

SCENE THIRD.—*Rainbow.*

A movable blackboard, on which has been drawn in colored crayons a representation of a rainbow, greets the

eyes of the audience for scene three. If the performer can draw skillfully and rapidly enough, it adds to the interest to have the drawing performed before the audience.

SHADOWS.

INTRODUCTION.

An acceptable variety in an evening's entertainment is made by introducing shadow pictures or pantomimes.

A white screen is provided as for a magic-lantern show. This should extend from floor to ceiling, as the larger it is the more the size of the figures can be exaggerated, and the more grotesque they will thus appear. The scenes are meant to be absurd and amusing, not pretty nor picturesque.

A brilliant light is placed on the floor at some distance behind the screen, and the acting figures must be between the light and the screen.

The lights in the audience-room must be lowered so that the room shall be quite dark.

SCENES.

1. An orator, gesticulating freely.
2. Grandfather and grandmother holding a consultation. (Let each be seated in a rocking-chair. They rock and bend toward each other, as though talking earnestly.)
3. Wash-day. (A tub on a chair, with a woman bending over it and rubbing as on a washing-board.)
4. Surgical operation. (A patient with a pasteboard arm fastened to his shoulder, his own arm being held close to his side. The imitation arm makes as good a shadow as a real arm. A surgeon saws off the pasteboard arm, dropping saw-dust as he saws, which looks like running blood. He flourishes the cut-off arm about in a heartless manner after the operation.)

5. Fishing. (An angler with a rod and line, which should be rather short, drawing a fish from the water.)

6. Inflicting the Penalty. (A schoolmaster with rod, chastising an unruly urchin, whom he holds with firm grasp.)

7. "Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

(A very stout figure shadowed on the screen will seem very absurd if announced as above.)

MOTION SONGS.

OLD TIME PLAYS.

Tune—"O, Come, Come away!"

[*Enter eight or ten girls, marching to the music of "O, Come, Come Away," who form in a double line and sing:*]

O, come let us sing,
Our merry games describing,
When school is done,
We'll have such fun,
O, come let us sing ;

(1) Now first we form a ring so round,
And while we stoop thus on the ground (2)
I'll drop this handkerchief
And hope it will be found. (3)

O, yes we will sing,
The praise of recreation,
For healthful plays
Make happy days,
O, yes, we will sing.

- (4) Together thus we leaders stand,
 And while united hand to hand
 (5) 'Neath gates so high upheld,
 Will pass King George's band.

We so love to sing!
 It rouses animation,
 And joy imparts
 To youthful hearts,
 We so love to sing.

- (6) Now next we run to corners thus,
 (7) And I will take the part of "Puss,"
 And seek most earnestly
 A corner for my use. (8)

- Once more let us sing,
 And thus prolong our pleasure,
 We form a line (9)
 And hands combine,
 (10) And I here shall bring,
 A button in one's hands to place,
 Which treasure 'tis your part to trace.
 (11) We'll all try heartily
 To be first in the race.

- Our games we have sung
 To challenge commendation,
 Yet let us say,
 School's not all play,
 There's hard work to be done.
 And now we'll form in marching line, (12)
 And as I prompt you by this sign, (13)
 (14) We'll all bow formally,
 And places here resign. (15)

[NOTES.]

1. All but one join hands to form a ring, singing.
2. Letting go hands, they stoop, and the girl left out sings as she passes round the ring and drops a handkerchief behind some one.
3. While the accompanist plays each interlude, the girls all resume their original positions in lines.
4. Two girls join hands and raise them in an arch for the others to pass under, and sing.
5. The others sing while passing under the raised hands.
6. All but one take positions as for playing "Puss wants a corner," singing.
7. The one left out sings.
8. While she is singing two (or more) may change corners swiftly and quietly, as in the game.
9. All except one placing themselves in line, each places the palms of her hands together as in "Slip the Button."
10. The one left out shall pass quickly along the line slipping her folded palms between the folded palms of each, singing.
11. All the others.
12. They form by twos, and one sings.
13. Gives signal by raising hands.
14. All bow.
15. They march out to continuation of music.

THE SNOW BRIGADE.

Tune—"Yankee Doodle."

EXPLANATION.

Snow-paper, commonly used for Christmas trees, may be scattered around to represent snow, and balls made of cotton be placed in it for the boys to use in the snow-balling. Also bits of the white paper may be stuck with a little mucilage on their hats to represent snow-flakes.

[*Enter six or eight (or more) boys bearing shovels on their shoulders. Wooden shovels may be used, as they are lighter.*]

We are a jolly set of boys,
 And we like fun and laughter;
 But shoveling snow we like as well,
 And that is what we're after.
 Yes, we're jolly, ha, ha, ha!
 No one here need doubt it;
 That you may see how we do work,
 At once we'll set about it.

We place our shovels in the snow,
 (*suiting the action to the words*)

And then with rapid motion
 We fling the snow this way or that,
 Just as we have a notion.

(*Cease the motions, and rest both hands on the shovel, holding the shovels directly in front of them.*)

O, 'tis jolly, ha, ha, ha!
 To see the soft snow flying—
 And boys who've never shoveled snow
 Will find it worth the trying.

(Resume the motion of shoveling.)

See! The path is growing wide,

But now our arms are aching

(lay down the shovels and cross one arm over the other, holding them thus while they sing the next two lines),

And while we rest them, where's the harm

In boyish frolic taking?

(Stooping down as though picking up snow, making snow-balls, and throwing them.)

We throw the snow-balls, ha, ha, ha!

Fast they fly and faster;

Look out for broken window-panes,

Or other sad disaster.

(Resume the shoveling.)

Now to our work we turn again;

With laugh and cheer we're greeted;

Again we lay our shovels down *(laying them down),*

Our work is quite completed.

That is jolly, ha, ha, ha!

And tho' our ears do tingle

(rubbing their ears, or holding their hands over them),

What care we for winter's cold,

When work with play we mingle.

(Picking up shovels and placing them on their shoulders.)

And now before we march away,

We ask you, friend and neighbor,

To save your shoveling for the boys

Who're not afraid of labor.

We call ourselves the "Snow Brigade,"

And we have room for others;

The little boys may fall in line,

But not their great big brothers.

(March out in line.)

THE RAINY DAY.

Tune—"I Want to be an Angel."

To be sung by three or four little girls, carrying raised umbrellas, and wearing gossamers and rubbers. If preferred, this may be given as a recitation by changing the word "sing" in the first line to "speak."

We want to sing a little
 About a rainy day ;
 You know when rain is pouring
 We can't go out to play.
 But we can go to school, of course,
 Dressed in this wet-day rig—
 Gum gossamers, thick rubbers,
 And these umbrellas big.

We dare to laugh at people
 Who seem afraid of rain ;
 Who, if out doors they venture
 Are sure to have a pain.

(Placing left hands on chests, and wearing a distressed expression of countenance.)

We've watched these silly people,
 And what we say is fact,
 And now we're going to tell you
 How we have seen them act.

I s'pose they'd frown upon us,
 And shake their heads, this way
(giving a couple of decided negative shakes of the head),
 If they had any idea
 Of what we're going to say.

They mince along so slowly,
 With skirts uplifted, so
(lifting the gossamer slightly, in front or at side),
 And having on no rubbers,
 Walk this way, on tiptoe.
(Taking a few steps very carefully on tiptoe.)

Of dogs they have such terror
 That if one comes in view
 They shake their big umbrella
(making a quick, forward motion with the umbrella.)
 And scream out—"Shoo—sho-o-o—shoo-o."
(Prolonging the last two words, and giving them in the ordinary tone, rather than in singing.)

Now, don't you think it's silly
 For big folks to act so?
 I wonder why they do it!
 We wouldn't *(indicating themselves with their fingers)*; Oh no! no! *(ordinary tone and shaking the head slowly and decidedly.)*

Umbrellas now we'll lower *(lowering them)*
 For see the sun is out
(pointing toward the sun);
 So we will throw our kisses
(kissing the tips of their fingers)
 And turn us round about.
(Turning and forming a line for marching out, singing as they go.)
 We will not cease our singing
 Until we've passed from sight,
 For singing, to us children,
 Is ever a delight.

GOOD ADVICE.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

The first four lines of each verse are to be sung by a large girl dressed as an elderly lady. She should make some appropriate gestures during her singing. The last four lines of each verse are to be sung by a number of smaller girls, grouped at each side and a little to the front of the old lady. During the first two lines of each verse they shall address each other, emphasizing with their forefingers and with nods of the head. During the last two, they shall approach the old lady and bow low to her.

Old Lady.—Come, hearken, lassies, to my voice,
 For I've a word to say ;
 Some good advice to you I'll give
 To live by every day.

Children.—She says she'll give advice to us,
 Advice to us she'll give ;
 We'll listen, ma'am, to the advice
 By which we are to live.

Old Lady.—Be always kind and courteous
 To every one you meet ;
 And most of all the poor and old,
 You should with kindness greet.

Children.—She says we should be kind and good,
 Both kind and good should be ;
 We hope, indeed, ma'am, that we'll e'er
 Treat all with courtesy.

Old Lady.—Don't scorn the little things of life,
 Expecting something grand ;
 Remember that the mountains large
 Are formed of grains of sand.

Children.—She says, we little things must heed
 If we success would gain ;
 We're sure you're right, and you shall find
 Your warning is not vain.

Old Lady.—Then you will lead the useful life,
 For which each one was meant ;
 And living thus you'll surely be
 Both happy and content.

Children.—She's promised us a happy life
 If we good counsel heed ;
 Your kind words, ma'am, have pleased us
 much,
 We thank you, ma'am, indeed.

DIALOGUES.

PLAYING STORE.

CHARACTERS.

Five boys—WARREN, CHARLIE, TOM, SAM, and NED.

Two girls—IDA and MARY.

Warren.—We're going to play at keeping shop,
 And I'm to be the clerk.
 These are the goods we have to sell ;
 To sell them, is my work.

You see I've dolls, and tops, and caps,
 And marbles, cakes, and candy,
 Tin cups, and knives, and oranges,
 And other things so handy.

Now that I'm ready to begin,
 I hope the customers will come—
 The boys and girls to buy the goods
 And carry them off home.

I think I see one coming now—
 Yes, there is Charlie Locke.

[*Charlie enters.*]

What can I sell you, sir, to-day?
 I've everything in stock.

Charlie.—I'd like to see some marbles, please,
 How many for a dime?

Warren.—As you are my first customer
 I'll give you twelve this time.

C.—I'll take them. *W.*—Shall I wrap them up?

C.—No. *W.*—Let me put them, then
 Into your pocket. *C.*—Here's your dime.
 Good-day. *W.*—Call in again.

[*Ida enters.*]

Ida.—Please, Mr. Storekeeper, I want
 An orange and a mint-stick.
 I have a tea-party at home
 And want the things for tea—quick!
 Please, charge the bill. I have no time
 To pay for them to-day.

Warren.—All right, all right, here are your goods,
 To-morrow you can pay.

[*Mary enters and looks around.*]

Warren.—What can I show you, miss, to-day?
 I have some dolls quite low.

Mary.—Well you may show me some; perhaps
 I'll buy—I do not know.

[*W. places dolls before her, and she selects one.*]

How much for this? *W.*—A dollar, ma'am.

Mary.— I think the price too high.

I'll give you ninety-seven cents.

Take that—or I'll not buy.

Warren.—Well, take the doll at your own price

[*wraps and hands it to her*],

Tho' it really is worth more ;

For here come lots of customers,

Enough to buy the store.

[*Tom, Sam, and Ned enter.*]

Tom.—I want a nice, new tin-cup ;

If you have one for sale ;

For Jack took mine last Tuesday,

To tie to Rover's tail.

Warren.—Well, you can take your choice, sir,

Of cups I have no lack.

And don't you want this riding-whip

To lay on naughty Jack ?

Tom.—I want to buy a good jack-knife,

If you have one to suit—

One that will sharpen pencils

Or make a willow flute.

Warren.—Here is the very article ;

The sharpest knife in town.

Ned.—I want a polo-cap, the kind

That's pretty much all crown.

Warren.—In that, I can just suit you, sir,

This cap I know will do ;

The price, too, is extremely low.

Shall I wrap it up for you ?

Tom.—Here is the cash for my tin-cup.

Sam.— This for my knife will pay.

Ned.—And here's the price you ask for this,
My polo-cap so gay.

Warren.—That's quite correct! Just tarry, boys,
'Tis time to shut up shop.
Let's go and have a game of ball,
Or else of spinning top.

Tom.—Yes, yes, come on, for after all,
Boys best like out-door plays,
So let's be off, and leave the store,
For girls, or—rainy days.

TOM'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

CHARACTERS. { AUNT EMMA,
TOM,
MARY.

SCENE—A Sitting-room.

(*Aunt Emma seated with book or sewing; Tom engaged in tying a broken whip or in some similar employment.*)

Aunt Emma.—And so your sister will be here to-day,
Tom.

Tom.—Yes, ma'am, so she says in her letter to me,
which I received yesterday.

Aunt E.—I will be very glad to see her—very glad,
indeed. It has been ten or twelve years since I have
seen the dear child. She could just lisp my name when
last I saw her. I wonder if I will know her.

Tom.—Well, you know you did not recognize me,
Aunt Emma, and I suppose she has changed as much.

Aunt E.—Yes, yes. But we must try to make her visit pleasant. What shall we do to amuse her. What are her tastes?

Tom.—Well, you know, on account of her unfortunate infirmity—

Aunt E.—Infirmity! What infirmity? I did not know anything was wrong with her.

Tom.—Is it possible, I never told you she is deaf?

Aunt E.—Deaf! No, indeed. What a pity!

Tom.—O, she can hear if you talk loud enough, and after she becomes accustomed to your voice you need not speak so loud as at first.

Aunt E.—O, Tom, it is such an effort for me to talk very loudly. Why don't she use an ear trumpet?

Tom.—Mercy, Aunt, she is so sensitive on the subject that she will try to appear as if she were not deaf at all.

Aunt E.—Dear! dear! how sad! Will she hear me if I speak in this tone? (*Very loud,*) Did you have a pleasant journey, Mary?

Tom.—A little louder than that if you can—until she gets used to your voice, you know.

Aunt E.—Well, I'll try, but it will be torture. I will go to my room to rest now. Call me if Mary should arrive.

Tom.—Yes, Auntie. (*Aunt E. goes out.*) So far, so good! A capital joke, I think. I've written to Mary, giving her the idea that Aunt Emma is deaf, and telling her she will have to scream to make her hear, and now I've made Aunt Emma believe that Mary is deaf, and won't I have fun listening to them yell at each other! I haven't told any actual falsehood about it, either. Just given them wrong impressions, that's all. Hallo! There comes Mary now. (*Mary enters, dressed as*

though just from a journey. *Tom steps forward and shakes hands with her.*) Glad to see you, Mary. How do you do?

Mary.—I'm well, and you, Brother Tom, how are you?

Tom.—I'm pretty well, considering the wear and tear of talking to Aunt Emma.

Mary.—O, Tom, is she so very hard of hearing?

Tom.—You will have to talk very loud indeed, to her. But I'll call her. (*Goes to one side, and calls in a loud voice.*) Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Mary has arrived. (*To Mary*) Now, Mary, get your voice in order.

Aunt Emma (outside).—I'm coming, I'm coming to welcome my dear niece. (*She enters, and approaches Mary and kisses her, while Tom backs off and hides behind some piece of furniture.*)

Aunt E. (very loud).—My dear child, I'm glad to see you. Had you a pleasant journey (*still louder*) a pleasant journey?

Mary (aside).—What a loud voice Aunt has. (*Very loud.*) Yes, I enjoyed it very much, (*still louder*) very much indeed.

Aunt E.—Let me take your hat and coat. Are you tired, my dear? (*Louder.*) I said do you feel tired? (*Takes Mary's hat and coat.*)

Mary.—No, not at all. (*Louder,*) Not at all.

Aunt E.—And you had no difficulty in finding your way here alone?

Mary.—Oh, no, why should I. (*Louder,*) No, of course not.

Auntie.—I thought you might not be able to hear the train-men call the station, you know.

Mary (aside).—Does she think every one else is deaf

because she is? (*Very loud,*) Why, I could hear them perfectly well.

Aunt E.—And do I speak loud enough for you? (*Louder,*) Can you hear me quite well?

Mary.—Of course I can. And is my tone loud enough for you to hear?

Aunt E.—Certainly. There is no trouble with my hearing.

Mary (in her natural tone).—There isn't? Neither is there with mine.

Aunt E.—Tom told me you were deaf.

Mary.—And Tom wrote me you were deaf. It all reminds me of the old dialogue we used to read at school, called "Courtship under Difficulties." We have been re-enacting that with variations, I think.

Aunt E.—Well, well; I am glad that neither of us is deaf. But where is that mischievous boy?

Mary.—He has taken himself off in good time to avoid our reproaches.

Tom (coming forward and stepping between them).—Here I am! Now scold away, both of you. (*Then speaking very loudly, first in Aunt Emma's ear, then in Mary's,*) Can you hear me? Can you hear me?

[*Exit all.*]

AUNT KITTY'S SHOPPING.

CHARACTERS.

AUNT KITTY—A proverbial philosopher.

Three Nieces—LAURA, ABBIE, FLORENCE

SCENE—A Sitting-room.

Laura (looking out of door or window).—Look, girls, here comes Aunt Kitty home from her day's shopping,

with her arms just full of packages. There, she has dropped one! Come, look at her, quick! She will drop them all before she gets here.

Abbie (looking).—Poor, dear Auntie! Why will she not have her goods sent home? I suppose she thinks it safer to carry them herself. There is a boy helping her pick up the fallen bundles. I wonder how much trash she has collected to-day!

Florence.—I'll venture to say that she has bought of every street peddler who urged her to buy, besides being cheated in the stores. I really wish she wouldn't come to the city to do her shopping—she is so innocent, so unsophisticated!

Abbie.—Notwithstanding her stock of wise sayings.

Florence.—As to her proverbs, some of them are wise and some are decidedly otherwise. But here she is. Now for some fun.

[*Enter Aunt Kitty.*]

Laura (setting a chair).—Ah, Aunt Kitty; here you are, laden with spoils. Did you buy the stores out? Let me take your bonnet and shawl (*taking them*). Now, I hope you mean to show us your bargains.

Abbie and Florence.—Yes, do, Aunt Kitty.

Aunt K.—Well, well, wait till I get my breath a little, and I will show you bargains “good for sore eyes.” “No time like the present,” so we'll open the bundles at once. What do you think of this shawl? (*Opens package and shows shawl.*) I got it for two dollars, and the salesman said it was worth four. “A penny saved, is two earned,” thought I, and I snapped it up.

Laura (holding up the shawl to the light).—But why did you get a perforated shawl, Aunt Kitty? It is full

of moth holes, big enough for your saved penny to lose through, I fear.

Aunt K.—La! dear me! is that so? I didn't see anything wrong with it when I bought it. I wonder if the man who sold it to me did. I guess he didn't, for he looked so honest. Well, "that cake's all dough," sure enough. But here is a bargain to balance that loss—some chintz for a dress (*showing it*). Isn't that pretty? And so cheap—ten cents a yard, only.

Abbie.—Oh, Aunt Kitty, I happen to know that chintz fades very, very much.

Aunt K.—Fades? No, no, I guess not! I asked the shop-girl particularly if it would wash and she said she knew it would—the colors were fast.

Florence.—But anything will wash, you know. You should have asked her whether it would fade. I suppose she meant by fast colors, that they would run fast enough when washed. She told the truth in words, but a falsehood in fact, and she has cheated you.

Aunt K.—Well, well, "A burnt child dreads the fire." I think I'll not trouble that shop again.

Laura.—I am wondering what there is in that roll you have your hand on, Auntie.

Aunt K.—O, that's a couple of pictures which I bought cheap—twenty-five cents each—half their value, I was assured—and as "a thing of beauty is a joy forever"—

Abbie.—You concluded to lay in a permanent stock of joy at half-price.

Aunt K. (*unrolling two cheap chromos, highly colored*).—There! what do you think of them? Are they not handsome?

Florence.—Tastes differ, Aunt Kitty, but if you like

them, we won't find fault. I've seen much smaller pictures that cost a great deal more money.

Aunt K.—Ah! I thought it would be strange if I had not got any real bargains. "It's a long lane that has no turning." And here is something else, I think you will like. Where do you suppose this box of spoons came from? (*Opens box.*) I stopped in an auction room, and thinking "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," I bid on these spoons, and got them for a dollar. Isn't that cheap for triple plate?

Laura.—I'm afraid you have been cheated again, Aunt Kitty. That plating will wear off in a month, I'm sure.

Aunt K.—I guess not—I guess not—I know "All is not gold that glitters," but I will hope these spoons are what they seem, until they are proved the contrary. They look like solid silver.

Florence.—More like solid tin!

Aunt K.—Maybe so, maybe so, but I am certain these gloves are good. The saleswoman said she wore the same kind herself, and what is good enough for her is good enough for me.

Abbie (taking a glove, and examining it.)—Yes, these are really nice. Let me see the other one. (*Takes it.*) Oh! Aunt Kitty, they are both for the right hand. Now, isn't that too, too bad!

Aunt K.—Now, now, is that so? Well, I can wear them, one at a time, and so I'll certainly "Keep to the right" as the law directs, but I'd prefer a left-hand glove half the time as a change. "Variety is the spice of life," you know.

Laura—I wonder if it will not be better for you to take me with you to-morrow, Aunt Kitty. You seem to have been rather unfortunate to-day.

Aunt K.—"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Yes, I think you had better go with me, for "Two heads are better than one." To-morrow will be my last day for shopping, as I must go home the next day. So we will "Make hay while the sun shines," and be off bright and early. "The early bird catches the worm," they say. Shall we take the rest of these things upstairs, now. I begin to feel tired.

Laura.—No wonder, Aunt Kitty, you have had a busy day of it.

Abbie and Florence.—We'll help carry the packages, Auntie. (*Picking them up.*)

Aunt K. (*while going off the stage.*)—That's right. Thank you, girls. "Many hands make light work," you know.

HOW THE QUARREL BEGAN.

CHARACTERS.

Two girls—LUCIE and NELLIE.

Lucie.—I am so glad, Nellie, that we are good friends again. It is so much more pleasant than being cross and angry with each other.

Nellie.—Yes, indeed, I have just been thinking that very thought myself.

Lucie.—I feel so much happier when we are pleasant and agreeable.

Nellie.—And I, too; why cannot we always be amiable and kind to each other? Suppose we enter into an agreement to that effect.

Lucie.—I'm sure I am willing. Nobody hates quarreling more than I do.

Nellie.—Except me. I would never quarrel with any one, if I had to be the one to begin the quarrel.

Lucie.—Why, Nellie, as to that, I think you are the one to begin quite as often as I am. At any rate, I never get angry at trifles.

Nellie.—Does that remark mean that you think I do?

Lucie.—Oh, I do not mean anything in particular, but you are so ready to take offense at the least remark.

Nellie.—Not unless the remark is offensive. But when it is, I hope I have sense enough to discern it.

Lucie.—Now, Nellie, take care! I can tell from the tone of your voice that you are displeased.

Nellie.—Well, why not? I am sure you are rude enough to displease any one.

Lucie.—Rude, am I? That is a little too much to take from a girl who has no better manners than to insult me to my face in this way. I think if I were you I would try to keep my temper under better control.

Nellie.—“People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.” The idea of your taking me to task is absurd, when you are as angry as possible yourself.

Lucie.—You are an ill-tempered, disagreeable girl, and I do not want to have anything to do with you in the future.

Nellie.—And I hope never to speak to you again as long as I live. You are too hateful for anything (*goes out angrily*).

Lucie.—Well, there! I didn't mean to quarrel with Nellie ever again, but somehow the quarrel came of itself. I wonder which of us did begin it, anyhow!

MASQUERADING.

SCENE—A plain room, with chest placed conspicuously.

CHARACTERS.

Two girls—NELL and BERTHA.

The garments used should be chosen with care, that they may be becoming and look well on the girls. The caps should be close, and prettily frilled (like an infant's cap), and worn under broad-brimmed hats, tied down beneath the chin. They will make pretty, youthful faces look quite picturesque. The dress should be old style, but as pretty as possible.

Bertha.—So, Nell, at last we are alone,
Aunt Lou and grandma both are gone;
Now, won't we have a good ransack
Through this old chest ere they get back?

Nell.—Yes, Bertha, I do dearly love
To rummage 'mongst the treasure trove
Of ancient trunk, or box or chest.
I'll help to ransack, with a zest.

(*Goes to chest, and stoops as if to open it.*)

Bertha.—Can you unlock it? Here's the key (*handing key*).

Nell (using key).—Oh, yes, it opens easily.
See, Bertha, see, what I have here;
A long-trained dress, but made so queer.
(*Shakes out dress and holds it up.*)
And here's another of like style (*showing it*),
They must have lain here a long while.

Bertha (who is also bending over chest).—What's this?—
A hat!—Oh, what a fright!
Who wore this must have been a sight!
(*Twirls it round on her hand.*)

Nell.—Why, Bertie, look! Here is another
As like the first, as a twin brother.

Bertha.—I've found a pair of shoulder wraps.

Nell.—And here are two old-fashioned caps.

Bertha.—I wonder if they're all in twos;

Yes,—here I've found two pair of shoes.

(*Shows old style slippers.*)

Nell, I have something to propose,
Let's dress up in these ancient clothes.

Nell.—Yes, yes, I think that will be fun.

(*Takes a dress and commences to put it on.*)

Come, help me get this long dress on.

Bertha (*assisting Nell*).—There, that is right! And
now for mine.

(*Puts it on.*)

Hurrah! Now we are ladies fine.

Nell (*who has donned cap and hat*).—How does my hat
look? and my cap?

Oh, wait till I get on my wrap.

Bertha (*laughing*).—Oh! dear, oh! dear, how queer you
look!

Like an old picture, in a book.

I'll put on mine, and then you'll see

Yourself reflected fair, in me.

(*Puts on hat, cap, and wrap while speaking.*)

Nell.—Oh, what a funny masquerade!

I feel just like some high-born maid

Of by-gone days. I wonder who

Wore these old clothes when they were new?

Bertha.—Why, grandma's grandma probably,

Some fair dame of our ancestry.

Come, Nell, let's sing an old-time song

To help our masquerade along.

Nell.—Why, so we will. That's just the thing
To cap our fun. Yes, let us sing.

(*Any old-time song, "Auld Lang Syne," for instance, will answer as an ending to this dialogue.*)

UNJUST SUSPICION.

For six (or more) girls.

CHARACTERS.

RUTH, ANNA, ELLA, ABBIE, EDITH (school girls), and NANCY, a fruit peddler.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE—*A street.*

(*Enter Ruth with hat and coat on.*)

Ruth (looking around).—This must be the place. Let me see again what the note says. (*Opens a letter and reads aloud*)—"Hillside, May 5th, 18—. Dear Anna: I will meet you at one o'clock to-day in the Park, near the L Street entrance. There we can conclude our plans without being overheard by Ruth. Be very cautious, for I think she suspects something already, and I would not have her know the secret now for anything. Pass this note around among the other girls of our class but do not let her see you do it. In haste, Abbie." H'm! That looks as if they were all in the secret but me; but I'll outwit them yet—thanks to the wind that brought this paper to my feet. They profess to be my friends—Abbie especially—but I know they don't care for me at all. They have some plot against me, that is certain, and I am going to find out what it is. (*Looks*

around.) I wish there was a good hiding place here, but I don't see any. (*She is startled by the voice of a little fruit girl who has approached her unseen. The fruit girl [Nancy] wears a large, shabby hood, and a long, tattered cloak [or shawl] and carries a basket of oranges on her arm.*)

Nancy.—Oranges, Miss?

Ruth.—Oranges? Let me see. (*Picking up one after another and laying them down again.*) Have you sold many to-day?

Nancy.—None at all, Miss.

Ruth.—Would you like to make a good sale?

Nancy.—I wish I could.

Ruth.—Now see here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take these oranges, basket and all, and pay you double for them, if you will give me your hood and cloak for my hat and coat. What do you say?

Nancy (*starting on*).—You're like the rest of 'em. You're making fun of me. You don't want no oranges.

Ruth.—Come back, I'm in earnest, and to prove it, here's the money. (*Shows it.*)

Nancy.—But my cloak is torn and dirty, and my hood is old and shabby.

Ruth.—So much the better. Mine are perfectly good, and you'll be the gainer. Come, make haste, will you do it?

Nancy.—In course I will, if you think I won't get into no trouble?

Ruth.—No trouble shall come near you. Set your basket down and give me your cloak and hood. Here are mine. (*They exchange, Nancy putting on the good garments with evident pride, but Ruth holding Nancy's on her arm.*) Now you can go.

(*Nancy starts off, but glances occasionally behind her as though expecting to be called back.*)

Ruth.—Now I must hurry. Time's nearly up. I'll go into the Park and disguise myself, and in this way will hear all that my "dear friends" have to say about me. (*Picks up the basket and goes out.*)

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT SECOND.

(*SCENE.—A small park. Two or three benches scattered around. Ruth, disguised as a fruit vender, is half reclining upon a bench, her arm upon the back of the bench, her head with her face half concealed resting upon it, to all appearance asleep. A basket of oranges on the floor at her side.*)

(*Enter a group of girls, some carrying books, Edith with a fancy lunch or fruit basket in her hand.*)

Abbie.—See, girls! we have it all to ourselves.

Ella.—With the exception of that little peddler over there.

Abbie.—Oh, yes! I didn't see her at first, but she'll be none the wiser for what we say, and maybe she won't stay long anyhow.

Anna.—She seems to be asleep.

Abbie.—Poor girl! I suppose she's tired out.

Ella.—I'll go take a peep. If she's asleep we won't disturb her. (*Steps softly over and looks at her.*) She's sound, girls, so now to business.

Abbie.—I believe everything is arranged except the time and place of meeting.

Anna.—You think Ruth knows nothing about it?

Abbie.—I'm sure from her manner to-day she suspects

something, but I am positive she doesn't know what we are going to do.

Edith.—She hasn't seemed very happy lately.

Abbie.—Happy! how can she feel happy with her invalid mother so far away from her, and she living with that stern old aunt of hers.

Anna.—I don't see, Abbie, how you ever got her Aunt's consent to let us bring a surprise party into that great, grand house of hers.

Abbie.—Oh, I hadn't much trouble in winning her to our side.

Ella.—You should have heard Abbie plead Ruth's cause, as I did, girls. She plead like a lawyer.

Abbie.—I only told her how lonely Ruth seemed and that I had learned by accident that May 5th—that's to-day—was Ruth's birthday, and that when she was in her own home in Washington, her mother, whom she fairly idolizes, always remembered it in some pleasant way.

Ella.—Then she told her of our plan of surprising Ruth this evening.

(*Here Ruth raises her head and glances cautiously around.*)

Abbie.—And—well, to make a long story short, she gave her consent, so I propose that you meet at our house to-night at eight o'clock, and that we go in a body and present our offerings and congratulations to Ruth.

Edith.—And I have an idea, girls, will you listen to it?

Anna.—Of course we will; that is what we're here for—to air ideas and make suggestions.

Edith.—Well then, in order more completely to throw Ruth off her guard, and to do a little deed of charity at

the same time, suppose we waken that young fruit girl, buy her fruit of her, put it into this basket with our cards, and send it to Ruth with "Birthday Greetings."

Abbie.—Good! and then she will think that's what we've had our heads together about, and it will never enter her mind that we have another surprise in store for her.

Ella.—I think that's a capital plan.

(Ruth here rises quickly but softly, picks up her basket, and attempts to slip away unseen.)

Abbie (turning toward the bench).—Oh, she is going! Come back, young girl, we want some oranges.

(Ruth pays no heed to her calls.)

Edith.—I guess she's not wide awake yet, or else she's deaf.

Abbie (overtaking her, catches her by the arm and says).—Let me see your oranges *(picking one up and not looking at Ruth)*. Oh, these are very nice. Here, Edith, hold your basket while I fill it. Ella, you address a card. Now *(to the orange girl)*, will you take this basket for us to Miss Ruth Bradley, No. 126 Grand Street? We will pay you well. *(Ruth makes no answer, but stands with face averted.)* Come, speak; will you do it?

Ruth.—No! She doesn't deserve it. You do not know Ruth Bradley; she's the meanest girl that goes to the Hillside school. *(Throws off her disguise.)*

All.—Ruth!

Abbie.—Explain your conduct, Ruth, what does it mean?

Ruth.—Just this. That I am well punished for the deceit I have practiced.

Edith.—What need had you for such a disguise, Ruth?

Ruth.—I found at recess to-day the note that Abbie wrote you. I suppose it blew out of the window, and from it I learned that you had a secret, and as I was not in it, my jealous, distrustful nature led me to think that you were unfriendly and unkind, and—well, I took this mean, contemptible method to find out your secret. You have made me see myself in a new light and I am ashamed and sorry. Hate me, despise me as you will, you cannot despise me one-half so much as I do myself.

Abbie (going up to her and laying her hand on her shoulder).—No, Ruth, we none of us despise you, I am sure, and you had some ground for suspicion we'll admit; and though the little treat we have in store for you will not now be a surprise, we hope it will be a real pleasure, and that you will allow us to come to-night, and bind more closely the link of friendship so nearly broken.

Edith.—Do not reproach yourself any more, Ruth. Give us each an orange as a peace-offering, and we'll never speak of this occurrence again. (*Edith passes the basket around and each takes an orange.*)

Ruth.—You're too good, girls. I wonder how many friendships (so-called) would stand such a test as I have put yours to to-day. You have taught me a lesson of trust. I'll never forget it.

Abbie.—'Tis time for school. Let us hurry or we will be late. (*Puts her arm around Ruth, and they walk off, the others following.*)

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

AN ILLUSTRATED STORY.

CHARACTERS.

Two boys—GEORGE and JAMES.

In this dialogue James is to illustrate what he speaks by appropriate drawings, either on a slate or blackboard. When completed, the drawings form the rude outlines of a pig. James draws while George is speaking, and then turns the slate or steps aside from the blackboard, that the audience may see his work, while he himself is speaking. Use chalk-crayon, even if a slate be used, that the drawing may be quite distinct. A very faint outline, imperceptible to the audience, might be prepared beforehand.

George.—I know a nice new play, James.

James.—Do you? What is it?

George.—We must have a blackboard.

James.—Here is one. Now what do we do?

George.—I tell a story, and you draw the pictures about it.

James.—That isn't play. That's work.

George.—O, you will like it. It is fun. Will you try it?

James.—Yes, I'll try, but I do not believe I can draw much.

George.—Are you ready? Shall I begin the story?

James.—Yes, go on.

George.—Once on a time there was a poor man, who owned a little odd-shaped, three-cornered piece of land. (*James draws a three-cornered figure to represent the head of a pig.*)

James.—This is the farm as it appears
Where this man lived for many years.

George.—He built himself a little house on his bit of land, in which he lived in peace and comfort.

(James draws a small circle in the head, for the pig's eye.)

James.—This is the house the poor man made,
And here year after year he stayed.

George.—He had a barnyard near the house, in which he kept his pigs and chickens. The poor man took much pleasure in caring for his dumb creatures, to which he became very much attached.

(James draws the ear of the pig in the upper right-hand corner to represent the barnyard.)

James.—This is the yard of the poor man,
And here his pigs and chickens ran.

George.—One morning, when the man arose, he discovered that one of his pigs had strayed away, so he started out to find it. He left no path nor lane unexplored in his search for his lost pet.

(From the lower part of the head, draw a continuous line forming the four legs and lower part of body, extending to the tail.)

James.—This is the road the poor man took,
As for his pig he went to look,
And these the lanes that he did search
When piggy left him in the lurch.

George.—At length he came to a very winding road, and he thought he would surely find the pig in there, so in he went, and after winding in and out and round about he got back to the very point from which he had started in, without having found his pig.

(James draws the pig's tail with a kink in it, curving it, and drawing back from the end, without lifting the crayon.)

James.—This is the very winding way
The poor man trod that weary day.

George.—The man was now so much discouraged that he determined to give up the search and go home at once, so he took the nearest road to his home, and—

(James draws the back of the pig from tail to head.)

James.—When this road he had traveled o'er,
He found the pig at his own door,
And this is that pig's photograph.
Now look, but do not dare to laugh.

(Shows pig completely drawn.)

VISITORS FROM STORY LAND.

For six children—One large boy or girl, who acts as manager; four smaller girls and one smaller boy.

Manager.—Whom do you suppose I have here this evening to meet you? Good friends of yours they are, and many a happy hour you have spent in their company, and yet I think you have never seen them look just as they will look to-night. I have brought them together with much labor and expense, but if you enjoy seeing them, as I think you will, I shall feel fully repaid and satisfied. Everywhere throughout the land they are the friends of the children, and not only of the children of to-day, but when your parents and your grandparents were young they too enjoyed the company of these little people; for, strange to say, they never grow old. Many years have they lived, and many more shall they live, but ever with the grace of youth at-

tending them. But I do not mean to mystify you, so let me introduce to your notice Little Red Riding-Hood.

(Little Red Riding-Hood appears dressed in a scarlet hood and cloak, carrying a small basket.)

Good evening, friends,
 I'm glad to be here,
 And I'll say just a word
 To these children dear.
 If e'er you should meet
 A wolf as you walk,
 I pray you, beware!
 Do not list to his talk.
 He means to devour you.
 Am I understood?
 I know what I say,
 I'm "Red Riding-Hood."

Manager.—The next little visitor I have to introduce to you is Little Silverhair.

(Silverhair should be a little girl, with long, fair hair, which should be loose upon her shoulders.)

I hope, little friends,
 You'll recognize me;
 Tho' I did not do right,
 I'm sorry, you see.
 I meddled,* you know,
 With pudding and chairs,
 And tumbled the bed
 Of each of the "Bears."
 I know it was wrong,
 But I'm willing to own,
 Poor Silverhair's sorry,
 She'll try to atone.

Manager.—Poor, little Silverhair! She did not behave so very badly, did she, children? Next I have the pleasure of presenting Jack, the Giant-Killer.

(Jack carries a heavy club [a base-ball bat will answer the purpose], which he swings occasionally while speaking. He may also wear a toy sword.)

The giants I've slain
 If you could but see,
 Of course, you at once
 Would recognize me.
 Now, will you believe,
 You have giants to kill
 More real than mine?
 One's name is Self-will,
 Another is Sloth ;
 Bad Temper's a third,
 And there are others
 Of whom I have heard.
 That you may succeed
 In crushing these foes
 Is "Jack's" earnest wish,
 As from you he goes.

Manager.—Jack's wish is a good one, children, and I think we all hope it will be fulfilled, do we not? Now we are ready to greet Cinderella.

(Cinderella wears a plain outer-garment [a gossamer waterproof will do] entirely concealing her underdress, which may be as gay and beautiful as possible. At the appropriate time she throws aside or drops the outside garment.)

In my cindery dress
 I make you my bow,
 For ne'er was I vain,
 Nor vain am I now.
 My proud sisters two
 Would glad be to see
 My return to this dress
 Which shows poverty.
 But my kind god-dame's wand
 Is hovering near (*drops cloak*),
 And in my fair garments
 I now will appear.

Manager.—The last little visitor that I shall present this evening is Little Bo-Peep.

(*Bo-Peep wears a broad-brimmed straw hat and carries a shepherdess' crook. An ordinary crook-handled cane fitted into a piece of a fishing-rod will make a long enough crook.*)

I'm glad to rest awhile
 From seeking my lost sheep,
 And you shall hear a word
 From wandering Bo-Peep.
 How often we pursue
 Some fleeting, shadowy good,
 And fail to take the wealth
 We might have if we would.
 We dream of purpose gained,
 As I, I'd found my sheep,
 But waking, find a blank,
 So on our search we keep.
 But I did not mean
 To moralize to you,
 Yet if you'll think upon
 My words, you'll find them true.

POOR WORK DON'T PAY.

For two boys and two girls.

SCENE—*A sitting-room. Lynn, writing; Marion, sewing.*

Marion.—How fast you write, Lynn.

Lynn.—Yes, I'm in a hurry to get this done. I want to play a game of ball with the boys before supper.

M.—Is it a parsing exercise?

L.—O, no, it's a letter to mother (*picking it up and glancing carelessly over it*). It doesn't look very nice, and I suppose it's full of mistakes—but she won't care, so long as she hears from me.

M.—I'm not so sure of that. I think she will care. She doesn't like to see any of her children forming careless habits. By the way, did you finish your drawing exercise? It was to go in to-day, wasn't it?

L.—Yes, I finished it; but if I could have had more time, it would have looked better. I had to finish it in such a hurry.

M.—More time? Why, you had three weeks. I should think that was long enough to do it well.

L.—But I didn't get at it until yesterday; and then father wanted me to mend the pig-pen;—but that didn't take much time, it only required a nail or two.

M.—Are you sure? I heard father say several days ago, that you had better fix it at once, for if it were neglected much longer, the pig would be sure to get out, and perhaps do a great deal of damage to the garden.

L.—He only said that to hurry me a little. Master Piggy is a prisoner. Let him get out if he can. I tell

you, Marion, I had a good time fishing yesterday. I caught five suckers, three eels, and about half a dozen catfish. Pretty good luck, wasn't it?

M.—I suppose so; but I am surprised that you had time to go fishing. I don't see when you got your drawing done.

L.—Why, this morning, I tell you, at recess. If the boys hadn't been nudging me all the time and hurrying me up to go out, it would have looked first-rate, too.

M.—If you had worked at it last Saturday as I wanted you to, you wouldn't have been disturbed by the boys. However, we will hope that it will take a prize, for mother's sake.

L. Oh, I guess it is as good as the other boys'. It don't worry me, anyhow.

M.—No, I wish you would worry a little more about some things;—

L.—If you're going to begin to preach, please excuse me, while I go on with my writing. Time's precious, you know.

(*Enter Mabel, carrying a roll.*)—O, Lynn, here is your drawing paper. Mr. J—— asked me to give it to you to do over. He says it's a disgrace to his school, and you ought to be ashamed to send in such work. (*Hands him the paper.*)

Ben (rushing in).—I say, Lynn, the big pig is out, and is racing all over the garden. All of the school-boys are after him, but they can't catch him, and oh, you ought to see the peas and beans and things. I don't know what papa will say.

L.—Nor I, either. I say, Marion, can't you help me out of this scrape? Here's my drawing to be done over, the pig to catch, and the garden to put in order.

M.—And this letter to finish.

L.—Yes; I'll soon finish that (*picking it up and tearing it into pieces*), and the next time I undertake to do a thing, I don't think I'll be in such a hurry.

M.—You mean, you'll begin in time. That's where your trouble is, Lynn. You put off your work until the last minute, and then it's all rush and hurry to get through. What are you going to do now?

L.—Drive that crowd of hooting boys out of the garden, fix up the pig-pen in a little better style, and then politely invite Mr. Pig to walk in. Maybe he didn't like the looks of his house, and that's the reason he walked out.

M.—I will do what I can to help you. I was afraid your "nail or two" wouldn't stand the test; and, you see, you have made for yourself double work, by not keeping in mind the fact that "Poor work don't pay."

TABLEAUX.

HINTS FOR TABLEAUX.

Be sure to have a strong light thrown on all tableaux. A poor light makes of the best picture, a partial failure.

A large frame, makes an effective setting for tableaux of a single figure. To show a bust picture, have the frame so arranged on a stand or other base, that drapery will conceal the lower part of the figure. For this style you may have portraits, or typical figures, as Purity, Innocence, Prayer, etc., etc.

Colored lights thrown upon a tableau make it vastly more effective. Do not do this in a hurry. Let the picture be fully seen by the plain light, before the colored light is thrown.

SCENES.

1. Going to the Train. Characters: Two ladies, one gentleman, one child. Gentleman with valise and umbrella in hand and duster over arm. First lady with numerous bundles and baskets. Second lady with bird-cage in one hand, holding child by the other. All apparently hastening to catch a train.

2. On the Train. Characters: Lady and gentleman. The lady wears a long trained dress. On the train the gentleman has his foot. He is in the act of bowing apologetically. She has her head half turned toward him with a look of scorn at his awkwardness.

3. Evening Prayer. Little girl in long, white night-dress—kneeling—hair flowing. Her hands are clasped in attitude of prayer, her eyes uplifted. A position sidewise to the audience is prettier than full face.

4. Grandma's Schooldays. A little girl in old-time dress and bonnet. A frilled cap under bonnet—slate

under her arm, reticule in one hand—umbrella in the other. In the act of walking—body sidewise, face full toward the audience.

5. Counterfeit Money. Characters: An old woman and a little girl. The little girl has a well-filled market-basket on her arm, carrots and other vegetables showing beneath the lid. She wears a shawl over her head, and on her face is a look of distress as her grandma examines the change she has brought from the market, she having evidently taken a “bad coin.” The old lady, in old lady’s dress of the poorer class, has a tin basin on her lap in which are turnips which she has been paring. On her face is a look of severe disapproval as she examines the coin.

6. “He loves me: he loves me not.” A young girl in simple dress with a daisy in her hand, from which she is pulling the petals to try her fortune.

TOO HOT.

A small boy is seated on a high stool holding a bowl in one hand and a large spoon in the other. His eyes are very wide open. He holds the spoon near his mouth, and his lips are fixed as in the act of blowing. His legs should be twined around the legs of the stool in boy fashion.

PLAYING DOCTOR.

small boy (the patient) is seated, with bare feet in a pail, a handkerchief tied around his head, and a shawl thrown over his shoulders. A large boy (the doctor) has

on a high hat and a man's coat. He is feeling the patient's pulse, with a very wise look. A girl (the sick boy's mother), with long dress and cap, holds cup and spoon, and looks anxiously at the doctor. Several bottles are on a stand near by.

I WONDER WHOM IT IS FROM?

A girl in old woman's dress, is holding a letter off from her and scrutinizing the superscription, while a boy, dressed as her husband, looks on with evident interest.

PLAYING GRANDMA.

A little girl is sitting on a high, straight-backed chair. She has on an old lady's cap, with frill around the front, a kerchief pinned across her breast, and spectacles. She holds a partly knit stocking, with the needles in it, in her hands as though at work.

OLD TIME LOVERS.

Large boy and girl dressed in the costume of the Revolutionary period. Boy with knee breeches, having a frill of lace at the knee, a ruffled shirt front, a white wig (which can be made of cotton), and carrying a cocked hat. Girl in white wig or powdered hair, wearing a court train, elbow sleeves, and silk mitts. The boy, bowing low to the girl, is holding the tips of her fingers and stooping, as if kissing her hand.

A FREE SMOKE.

A gentleman is having his boots polished by a street boot-black. He stands with his hand behind him, in which is a lighted cigar (a candy imitation cigar to be used). A street gamin, in ragged hat and jacket, is in the act of taking a whiff of the unconscious gentleman's choice Havana.

BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

An old lady, with a peaceful expression of face, is asleep in an easy-chair, while her grandson, with a mischievous smile, stands near holding an inflated paper bag close to her ear, his empty hand held in position for exploding the bag.

AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The old lady, with a bewildered, scared look on her countenance, is standing with her hands covering her ears. The boy is seated, and with a solemn face, is diligently reading a book or newspaper, which is upside down.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

WHAT THEY SAID.

Dear little Madge went out one day,
Into the old barnyard to play ;
Among the flocks and herds she walked,
And this, she says, is how they talked.

" Moo, moo," said the cow, " moo, moo,
I give nice sweet milk to you ;
Butter and cheese from me you get,
Beef and tallow and more things yet,
Without my help what would you do?
Moo, moo," said the cow, " moo, moo."

" Baa, baa," said the sheep, " baa, baa,
I give soft wool, that your mamma
May make you socks and mittens warm,
To shield you from the wintry storm.
Without my aid you ne'er could keep
So warm. Baa, baa," said the sheep.

" Cluck, cluck," said the hen, " cluck, cluck,"
As up her saucy head she stuck.

" Delicious eggs for you I lay,
A nice fresh egg, day after day ;
You could not do without me then.
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck," said Mrs. Hen.

" Quack, quack," said the duck, " quack, quack.
I'm sure that I need not stand back,

For I too lay you eggs so fine,
 And are hens' eggs as large as mine?
 If one of us you'd have to lack
 I think I'm not the one. Quack, quack."

"Bow, wow," said the dog, "bow, wow.
 Dear little miss, I'll tell you how
 I watch and guard your house for you,
 And take care of your barnyard too,
 Of duck and hen, of sheep and cow.
 Bow, wow," said the dog, "bow, wow."

Then little Madge, in her sweet way,
 Brought for the cow a wisp of hay;
 Some fresh grass for the sheep she got,
 And corn-meal scattered in the lot
 For hen and duck; with loving thought,
 A bone to Rover then she brought
 With word of praise. And thus she showed
 To all the gratitude she owed.

MY BEST FRIEND.

(To be spoken by a small girl holding a large orange.)

I am going to give this orange
 To the one I love the best,
 The one who, of my many friends,
 Is dearer than the rest.

Perhaps you think it's Fanny Jones,
 Or little Edith Price;
 But if you do, you're surely wrong,
 Although they both are nice.

If I had two, instead of one,
 I know what I would do ;
 I'd give one to lame Nellie J.,
 Her pleasures are so few.

But I can't give her this, oh, no ;
 It's for my dearest friend,
 The one for whom I'm sure, my love
 Will never, never end.

The one who cares the most for me,
 Who gives me all I need,
 Who nurses me when I am sick,
 Oh, she's my friend, indeed.

Now she is sick and suffering,
 Her head has ached all day ;
 Perhaps this nice sweet orange
 Will drive the pain away.

Of course, ere this you've guessed her name—
 There surely is no other
 Whom I can ever love so well
 As my own precious mother.

NED'S BEST FRIEND.

(To be spoken after "My Best Friend.")

I have an orange, too, like May's—
 As big and ripe and sweet ;
 And so I think that my best friend
 Shall also have a treat.

If you would like to see this friend
 I'll introduce him now ;
 He stands before you—'tis myself ;
 And now I'll make my bow

THE NEW TOY.

(To be spoken by a very little boy, who has in his hand a " Jumping-Jack," or some similar toy. At the close of his speech he must work the toy for a minute or two.)

I want to show you something,
 'Tis something very funny,
 My mamma bought it for me,
 It cost a heap of money.

'Twill make you laugh ; perhaps you'll say
 It is not very pretty,
 But I think it's the nicest toy
 In all this great big city.

Now in a minute you shall see,
 This funny little toy ;
 And then, I hope you'll get one, for
 Your little girl or boy.

A LITTLE SPEECH.

Good afternoon, folks,
 Pray how do you do ?
 I want to make a speech
 This afternoon to you. !

I hope you all are well,
 And all happy, too!
 Now I've made my speech.
 Do you think it will do?

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

Be not gloomy! Catch the sunshine!
 Let it brighten all your way.
 As through life you onward journey,
 Catch the sunshine day by day.
 Light's Creator surely meant not
 You, in gloom, should shroud your life
 When above and all around you,
 Glorious sunshine is so rife.

Lead a life as glad as may be,
 Give not way to dark despair,
 Sorrow courted, soon grows grasping,
 Marking every day with care.
 Catch the sunshine. Throw off sadness;
 You can do so, if you will,
 And such effort, doubly blessed
 Your life's hours with joy will fill.

Catch the sunshine! Be not gloomy!
 If in darkness here one lives,
 Can your unaccustomed senses
 Bear the brightness Heaven gives?
 Can your heart, to gloom accustomed,
 Bear the glory of the skies?—
 Golden streets and radiant faces
 Of the saints in Paradise?

Catch the sunshine that Hope giveth,
Use it as your daily food.
Catch the sunshine that Faith spreadeth,
Let it do its work of good.
Catch the sunbeams Love doth scatter,
In your life's web weave them fast.
Beams of Faith, Hope, Charity,
Warmed by these, let life be passed.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring, Christmas bells,
Ring, merrily ring,
Ring tidings of great love ;
The love of men
To men again
Resembling that above.
Tell the tale of generous deed
By prosperous man to man of need.

Ring, Christmas bells,
Ring, cheerily ring,
Ring tidings of great peace,
Of wrong act righted,
Friends re-united ;
Ring unkind thoughts' surcease.
Tell the story of wrongs forgiven,
For the sweet sake of Christ in Heaven.

Ring, Christmas bells,
Ring, happily ring,

Ring news of love divine.
 Of faith renewed,
 Bad deeds eschewed,
 In this sweet Christmas time.
 Tell the story of man's salvation ;
 Ring loud the Christmas proclamation ;
 Sound it forth cheerily once again,
 " Peace on earth, good-will to men."

A TROUBLESOME VISITOR.

A most mischievous sprite
 Was abroad all last night ;
 And oh ! dear, what tricks he did play.
 If you'll listen, I'll tell
 Some events that befell,
 From the course of this troublesome fay.

With his chill finger tips,
 He gave sly little nips,
 At the flowers of the garden so bright.
 Each flower drooped its head
 At his touch, so ill-bred,
 But this only pleased the wild sprite.

Then he put out his hand,
 And he tapped with his wand,
 Our useful town-pump on his nose.
 This insult the pump
 Swallowed all in a lump,
 Which so choked him, he instantly froze.

Next, some fruit on the trees,
Our playful sprite sees,
And resolves to put on them a spell;
So he breathes his chill breath
And chuckling he saith,
My trade-mark is placed on you well.

He pinched sharply the toes,
While he reddened the nose,
Of a lad wandering out on the street.
Pray, look out for him, boys,
For 'tis one of his joys
To pinch tender fingers and feet:

He next broke a rare glass.
'Twas left standing—alas!
Just where he could reach it and break.
O, the mischief this sprite
Accomplished last night
Was no trifle—done just in mistake.

Shall I mention his name?
'Tis well-known to fame,
And already you surely have guessed.
So 'tis hardly worth while,
Yet to finish in style
I'll call out "Jack Frost" with a zest.

BE POLITE.

When you meet a lady,
Take off your hat and bow.
Perhaps you think you cannot,
If so, I'll show you how!
(Puts on cap and takes it off, bowing.)

If you're asked a question,
Do not hang your head,
And refuse to answer;
That is quite ill-bred.

When you meet your school friends,
Don't whoop and shout and yell;
A merry, bright "Good morning,"
Should answer just as well.

Don't think it manly to be rude,
And by rough ways annoy;
Remember that a gentleman's
A grown-up gentle boy.

MY DOG.

I want to introduce my dog,
My good old dog named Styx;
He's just the very smartest dog,
And does the 'cutest tricks.

He'll gravely offer you his paw,
Which means, "How do you do?"
Or he will walk on his hind legs
Across the room to you.

And he can catch a silver coin,
If thrown up in the air ;
This coin he'll then return to you,
With very greatest care.

Styx carries in the papers too,
When left at the front door ;
He guards the house and barks at tramps,
What dog could e'er do more ?

And yet he is the gentlest beast,
When any friend comes near ;
He wags his tail and looks so kind,
A baby could not fear.

I would not give away my dog,
For any price you'd fix ;
All I can do, is just to hope
You'll find a second Styx.

OPENING ADDRESS.

To my lot has fallen the pleasant duty of welcoming you, dear parents and friends, to our school-room on this festal occasion. My words of greeting shall be few, but I trust you will feel they are sincere. It gives us pleasure to see you all here, and we hope you will find

pleasure in thus spending an hour with us. We have prepared our exercises in speaking and singing with all the care we could, hoping to make them pleasant to your ears. And as

Large streams from tiny sources flow,
And great lives from small beginnings grow,

so may our youthful efforts (unpretending as they seem to be) be the germs of future works which shall exert a wide influence for culture throughout the community in which we live.

WHO MADE THE SPEECH?

For a small girl holding a doll.

'Tis dolly's turn to speak a piece ;
(Now, don't be frightened, dear ;)
(*Caressing her doll.*)

Her voice is weak, but if you're still,
I think you all can hear.

She's never been away from home,
And so she feels quite shy ;
(There, never mind, my precious babe,
We'll go home by and by.)

I s'pose she takes her bashfulness
From me—her mamma, dear ;
If I should try to speak, I know
I'd almost die with fear.

When mamma asked me yesterday,
 If I would speak to-night,
 I told her "No," for I felt sure
 I couldn't do it right.

"Well, little daughter, never mind,"
 Then darling mamma said,
 "We'll dress your dolly in her best,
 And let her speak instead."

So that is why I've brought her here—
 (Why, dolly, are you ill?)
 Just see how she is trembling—
 Poor dear, she can't keep still.

She's nervous and excited, too,
 So now we'll say "good-bye ;"
 Has dolly made a speech to-night,
 I wonder, or have I?

MOVING.

(To be spoken by a little girl, with her arms full of the various articles mentioned.)

Our house is topsy-turvy,
 Completely up-side down ;
 We're busy, oh ! so busy,
 We're going to move to town.

I've gathered all my playthings,
 My kitty and my dolls ;
 My books and blocks, my hoop and rope,
 And pretty painted balls.

I mean to carry them myself,
 Then they'll be sure to go;
 I cannot trust the "grown-up" folks,
 They do neglect things so.

And when they put me in the car,
 And tell me to "Sit still,"
 I'll hug my treasures in my arms,
 And will not let them spill.

BABY'S DRAWER.

My eyes are filled with blinding tears,
 As from this little drawer
 I take each article of dress
 Our darling baby wore.

Here is a robe of snowy-white;
 With trembling hands and cold,
 I lay it by, with reverent touch,—
 A mem'ry in each fold.

Here is the dainty sacque he wore,
 Made of the softest wool;
 I fold it up with sad caress,
 The while, my heart is full.

His shoes—the tiny, dainty things—
 His stockings soft and white—
 As from the drawer I take these out,
 My day seems turned to night.

And yet to me the baby's drawer
Is as a sacred shrine,
Holding a treasure, dearer far
Than gem in richest mine.

My heart is sore, yet would I not
Part with one memory sad ;
I'd rather weep o'er baby's drawer
Than mingle with the glad.

My baby, robed in angel's dress,
Is blessed in Heaven above ;
My heart bereft, receives one hope,
I know God took in love.

PHIL'S COMPLAINT.

I'm Phil, and I have a complaint—not a headache, nor measles, nor rheumatism, not that kind of a complaint at all. My complaint is, that I'm the middle boy of the family. Maybe some of you will wonder what there is to complain about in that. Well, all I have to say is, that if you don't know the hardships of such a position, then you've never been the middle boy. You are either the oldest boy, with all the oldest boy's rights and dignities, or else you are the youngest boy, with all the favors and privileges which the youngest of the family always enjoys.

Alas ! alack ! I'm a middle boy, and I know what I am talking about. Will—that's my oldest brother—he's sixteen years old, and he thinks he's a young man—gets invited to parties to act as escort to sister Emily,

and he dresses up in his swell clothes, and wears a buttonhole bouquet, and off he goes to the aforesaid parties and gets all the ice-cream and white grapes he can eat.

I like good things too, and when I want to know why I am not invited to the parties, I'm told, "Oh! Phil, you are too young yet." Will has a watch, too, left by grandpa to his eldest grandson. I'm not the oldest, and I have no watch. Then, on the other hand, there is Harry—that's my youngest brother, eight years old and the baby of the family. Harry always goes to the sea-shore with mamma, because "He's the youngest, you know, Phil, dear, and you must give up to your little brother."

Then Harry must have the biggest apple, and the first choice of the chocolate creams, because "Bigger brothers must not be selfish toward their little brothers, Phil, you know."

Yes, yes, I have room enough for complaint, and if you don't think so, I'll leave the question to be decided by a committee consisting of all the middle boys in this assemblage.

THE LOST KITTY.

Have any of you seen my kitty? I have hunted all over the house for her and I can't find her anywhere. She's not under the stove nor up in my bed, and I don't know what to do. Won't you help me look for her? She is a gray kitty with a white spot between her eyes. You will know her by that. Her name is Spot, and

she knows it just as well as I know my name. When I have a saucer of milk for her, and call, "Here, Spot, Spot, Spot," she runs as fast as her little feet can trot. Oh, dear, where are you, kitty? I wish I could find you. I hope no big bad boy, or naughty little girl has carried you away. Hark! What is that? "Meow, meow, meow." Why there she is now on the window-sill. Just wait, my precious darling old kitty, until I get you in my arms.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

I'm very glad I did not live
 Some sixty years ago;
 For children then had no such fun
 As they have now, I know.

My grandma says when she was young,
 She had no pretty toys,
 Like those that Santa Claus now brings
 To little girls and boys.

My grandma thinks that little folks
 Are now-a-days allowed
 To have too many handsome toys;
 She says they're spoiled and proud.

Why, only think! I've heard her say,
 When she played "Come to tea,"
 She only had old broken plates,
 Or saucers, it might be;

Or such cracked dishes as she found
 That had been thrown away ;
 And these she said were treasures rare,
 With which she loved to play.

Such playthings I should not have liked
 And so I say again,—
 “ I'm very, very glad indeed,
 I wasn't living then.”

Now, I've a tea-set all complete,
 A walnut table, too ;
 And I can sit and pour out tea
 As grown-up people do.

Dear grandma says the happiest time
 It has been her lot to know,
 Was when she was a little girl,
 Some sixty years ago.

Well, I am glad for grandma's sake,
 Since it has pleased her so,
 That she lived then, but I did not,
 Some sixty years ago.

COMPOSITION ON ANIMALS.

(To be read by a big boy in a high-pitched, nasal tone.)

There are a great many kinds of animals ; such as the rat-terrier, and the rhinoceros, and the coon, and the orang-outang, and the opossum, and the poll-parrot, and

a few others. The dog is a very useful animal. He can play tricks, and howl when anybody is going to die. The pig is a very interesting animal also. He is not so nice a housekeeper as some other folks, but he is very useful in the "buckwheat cake and sausage" season. The locust is composed principally of a voice, the rest of him is not worth noticing. A rabbit is not so big as an elephant, but he can run faster.

Why is an elephant like a summer boarder? Because he takes his trunk with him. I made up that conundrum to put in this composition. A porcupine is a very curious animal. Judging from his appearance, I do not believe he would make a very comfortable bed-fellow. He appears to be too proud, that is, too much stuck up. A cat is a domestic animal. Our cat once got into a pan of dough and made a mess of it, and mother got after her with a stick. This is why she is called a dough-mess-stick animal. A mosquito is not so large as a man, but if there is a difference of opinion between them, and the man wants to sleep and the mosquito don't want him to, you may be sure the mosquito will come off victorious.

The zebra is a little horse, painted with black and white stripes. He is principally useful to put in the primer to illustrate the letter "Z."

Animals are very useful to the circuses, 'cause the minister and his wife, and the deacon and his wife, and their grown-up relations, can all go to take the baby to see the animals. The cow is an animal having four legs, one on each corner of her. She also has two horns, but she cannot make as much noise with them both as a small boy can at Christmas time with only one.

This is the end of my composition.

SAMMIE—SALLIE.

Sturdy Sammie Simpson sought sweet Sallie Stevens' society so solicitously—several social societies severally said sententiously, "Sallie's surely secured Sammie! Sallie's Sammie's sweetheart! Sammie's Sallie's slave! Society shall soon see something startling!"

Saturday Sallie sat sewing steadily, singing softly. Suddenly seeing Sammie's shadow, she seized scissors, snipped savagely, still singing softly.

Sammie said, slyly: "Sweetheart, sing Sammie something sadly sweet."

Sallie started—seemingly surprised—saying: "Sammie Simpson, stop saying such silly stuff. Spooky sentiments sound soft. Say something sensible."

So Sammie straightway said: "Sweetest Sallie, set sometime soon." Sallie serenely said: "Say Sunday." "Surely, surely," shouted Sammie, supremely satisfied.

Sequel: Sammie Simpson's safely secured. Sallie Stevens' settled. Sammie's suited. Society's satisfied.

CONCERT RECITATIONS.

PROVERBS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

(To be given as a concert exercise. To insure keeping together, the teacher calls the letter, and the school respond with the proverb; or the proverbs may be given singly in answer to roll-call. The teacher calls the school-roll and each pupil responds to his name with a proverb.)

A.

As by his notes, a bird is known,
So by their discourse, men are shown.

B.

Better it is to lonely be,
Than with the bad keep company.

C.

Count that day lost, whose setting sun
Sees no kind deed, nor good act done.

D.

Debt is a poverty far worse
Than carrying an empty purse.

E.

Each day we live, doth form a leaf
In our life's volume, long or brief.

F.

Faint heart ne'er won a lady fair,
To win, one must both do and dare.

G.

Great streams from tiny sources flow,
Great lives from small beginnings grow.

H.

Hope on, hope e'er! Hope is a friend
That we shall need, until life's end.

I.

Into your homes, let sunshine glow,
Into your hearts, let gladness flow.

J.

Just as is bent the little twig,
So will the tree be, when grown big.

K.

Kind words are but the little seeds,
Yet these spring up and bear kind deeds.

L.

Labor can conquer everything !
Then praise of labor let us sing.

M.

Make haste, with care. Who goes too fast
May find he in the race is last.

N.

No new thing is there 'neath the sun.
All things that shall be, hath been done.

O.

Out of the fullness of the heart,
The mouth its utterings doth impart.

P.

Pretty is, as pretty does.
And yet how much we think of clothes.

Q.

Quiet content is more than wealth,
And surely tendeth to good health.

R.

Read books well writ; choose friends well bred;
Good counsel take; be wisely led.

S.

Speech is silver—but silence, gold;
Then tell not all that you are told.

T.

Time and tide for no man wait,
Be quick and prompt, nor come too late.

U.

United, we shall firmly stand,
Divided, our foundation's sand.

V.

Vanity, vanity, all is vain
Soundeth the preacher's sad refrain.

W.

Who to his friends his money lends,
May lose both money and his friends.

X.

Excelsior! Go up! go higher!
Nor be content with clay and mire.

Y.

Youth is the time to sow good seeds,
And wage a warfare 'gainst the weeds.

Z.

Zeal in our work, without discretion,
Like pointless wit, makes slight impression.

 THE KITTENS.

A CONCERT RECITATION.

In Costume.

For three little girls, attired as kittens, two in white and one in gray. (The costume consists of a rather close-fitting sack of Canton flannel, made long enough to quite cover the dress, and having sleeves long enough to extend over the hands—the ends of the sleeves to be closed. This will give the appearance of paws. Stockings to match the sack in color must be drawn over the shoes, and reach above the knees. A close-fitting cap (like a nightcap), with pieces fastened on, to stand up and represent a kitten's ears, completes the costume. The arms should be slightly extended, with the hands hanging limply down.)

Three little kittens in a row,
Meow, meow, meow;
We want to tell you what we know,
Meow, meow, meow;

We know that milk is white and sweet,
 We know that mice are good to eat,
 We know that fish is such a treat,
 Meow, meow, meow.

Three little kittens, glad and gay,
 Meow, meow, meow ;
 Two in white coats and one in gray,
 Meow, meow, meow.

First Voice.—My name is Wool. (*Second,*) And mine
 is Snow.

Both.—Because we're white—we are called so.

Third.—And mine is Muff—gray Muff, you know.

All.— Meow, meow, meow.

We blink and purr when we are pleased,
 Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r ;
 But spit and scratch if we are teased,
 (*With gesture.*)

Meow, meow, spts-s.

To make this speech, we here have come,
 Are we not brave—thus far to roam ?
 But now—"good-bye"—we must go home,
 Meow, meow, meow.

OUR FLAG.

(To be spoken by boys carrying the United States flag, which they wave
 from time to time.)

Hurrah, for our flag!
 Our beautiful flag!

Our glory and also our boast,
Its colors so true,
The red, white, and blue,
Have marshaled many a host.

Hurrah, for its stripes!
Its thirteen gay stripes!
And the States those stripes represent.
The colonies strong,
That brooked not a wrong,
Nor injustice bore with content.

“Give us our rights—
Our colonial rights—
Nor tax us without our consent,”
To Old England they said,
Nor were they afraid
To fight, when they found war was meant.

Yes, hurrah, for each stripe!
Each red and white stripe!
And hurrah for the Union of blue!
With its thirty-eight stars,
Surmounting the bars,
Each star for a State ever true.

O, our hearts swell with pride,
With the patriot's pride,
When our ensign appears to our view,
With its wonderful bars,
And silvery stars,
Besprinkling the dark field of blue.

Then join voices, boys,
And give three hurrahs

For our star-spangled banner so dear.

All ready? Hurrah!

Hurrah and hurrah!

And now for one other last cheer.

(*Wave flag and hurrah.*)

OUR WORK.

(For a class of little ones.)

We are a class of little tots;

Now, would you like to hear

What work we do when we're in school?

This year is our first year.

But if you think we do no work,

You don't know everything;

We read and write, we draw and spell,

And pretty songs we sing.

We tell the colors, and we count;

O, busy folks are we;

But next year we shall do much more,

For then we'll bigger be.

THE FARM BOYS' SONG.

(For several boys.)

Pulling the weeds from the garden,

Driving the cows home at night,

Dropping the corn in the spring time,

Nailing a pale on tight;

Hunting for eggs in the barn-yard,
 Looking for turkeys astray,
 Carrying lunch to the reapers,
 Tossing the new-mown hay ;
 Riding the horses to water,
 Feeding the chickens and cows,
 Throwing the hay to the mangers,
 Down from the fragrant mows ;
 Whitewashing corn-cribs and fences,
 Gathering fruit from the trees,
 Covering the flower-beds in autumn,
 For fear of an early "freeze ;"
 Pumping the clear, cool water,
 Chopping an arm load of wood,
 These are the farm boys' "gymnastics."
 They're cheap, but none the less good !

MOTION RECITATIONS IN CONCERT.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

(For several little girls.)

Busy and happy young housewives are we ;
 Not very big specimens—that you can see—
 But we've just the same housework of all kinds to do
 That the big, grown-up housekeepers have to go through.
 Since Monday is wash-day, all the world round,
 At the wash-tub, on Monday, we're sure to be found.
 We rub Dolly's clothes till they're pure as the snow, (1)
 Then we rinse them, and wring them, and hang them
 up, so. (2)

On Tuesday, the ironing has to be done,
So we sprinkle and fold (3)—that's the part that is
fun!—

And we smooth out the wrinkles with our irons thus,
you see,
Rubbing backward and forward, till they're smooth as
can be. (4)

On Wednesday, we bake—and oh! 'tis such fun
To knead the soft dough—this is how it is done. (5)
For our cakes, we must have just the finest of dust.
Then our pies—this is how we roll out our crust. (6)

On Thursday, there's nothing especial to do,
So we do odds and ends—darn stockings or sew. (7)
But on Friday, with brooms we make the dust fly
As we sweep the house o'er, where'er dirt we espy. (8)

And at last, when Saturday comes—oh! dear! dear!
We're busy as any grown folks ever were,
We clean, and we scrub, and we brew, and we bake. (9)
Then our week's work all done, Sunday rest we can
take.

1. Make the motion of rubbing up and down as on a
washboard in washing.

2. Make the motion of wringing clothes by hand, and
then reaching up, to hang them on the line.

3. Motion of sprinkling.

4. Using the right hand, move smoothly left and
right,—left and right, etc.

5. Move alternately the doubled fists, up and down
as in kneading dough.

6. Use both hands, making a smoothing motion.

7. Motion of sticking a needle in and out.

8. Holding the hands as though holding a broom, make a sweeping motion.

9. Count off with the right hand, on the fingers of the left, each item.

IN THE MORNING.

(For any number of little ones.)

In the morning, when we rise,
 To bathe is our first care ;
 We wash our hands and faces, so, (1)
 And next we brush our hair. (2)

Then when we neat and tidy are,
 Down stairs we quickly go.
 " Good morning, Ma !" " Good morning, Pa !" (3)
 We greet our parents, so.

We go to breakfast, and we tie
 Our bibs thus, round our necks ; (4)
 For should we soil our nice clean clothes, (5)
 Our mother we might vex.

We drink our wholesome, fresh, sweet milk,
 Thus from our mugs you see, (6)
 We use our knife and fork this way (7)
 Cutting so carefully.

Our breakfast done, we get our books, (8)
 And so for school prepare.
 These things we do, or ought to do,
 Each morning, with great care.

1. Rub hands, then lift them to the face and rub it, as in the act of washing.
 2. With the right hand, smooth the hair.
 3. Touch the lips with fingers of the right hand, wave the hand and bow the head, first to the right and then to the left.
 4. Both hands at the back of the neck, as if tying on bib.
 5. Both hands down lifting sides of dress, for a girl—no motion for a boy.
 6. Right hand held to mouth as though drinking from a cup.
 7. Use both hands with a cutting movement.
 8. Right hand down and out, as though taking up books. Lift the hand and place under left arm.
- (All the motions to be practiced till they can be given exactly together.)

WE ARE FOUR.

CHARACTERS.

Four children, ten or twelve years of age.

(The letters N. E. W. S. in large print are to be worn, one on the brow of each child. A piece of rubber worn around the head will hold the letter in place)

All.—We represent the cardinal points,
 (1st) North, (4th) South, (2d) East, (3d) and
 West.

All.—From us you gather all the news—
 [*each names his letter as he points to it*]
 (1st) N, (2d) E, (3d) W, (4th) S.

All (turning faces toward the point mentioned and using the right hand toward it also, making the motions exactly together).—

With hand outstretched we point to North,
 And then to East we turn,
 And now we reach the hand to South,
 And next the West you learn.

Now each shall take his rightful place,

(1st) N. to the North shall go,

(*passing to the northern part of platform*)

(2d) E. to the east (*takes his place*) (3d) and W.
 west, (*steps to west side*)

S. takes the south point—so (*takes his place*).

North.—

How cold and bleak the place appears,
 How chill the wild winds blow.
 Here the white bear and Polar fox
 Roam midst eternal snow.

Here the huge whale, and soft-skinned seal,
 Find homes in waters chill.
 Nor flowers nor fruits perfume the air,
 Of frozen vale and hill.

East.—

Behold the land of rising sun—
 The far famed Orient—
 The land of silks and teas and myrrh,
 And spices of rare scent.

Behold its overflowing towns
 Of people gentle-eyed,
 Behold its curious works of art
 In gorgeous coloring dyed.

West.—

Ah! here's the West—the active West!
How shall I sing its praise?
I'll tell you of its gourd-like growth,
Towns springing up in days.

Here are the wondrous prairies vast,
The richest soils on earth,
And in this land of setting sun
Freedom had joyous birth.

South.—

Oh! lovely, languid, fair South land,
How sweet thy perfumed breeze,
Thy flowering groves, thy rich, rare fruits,
Thy forests of tall trees.

But in those forests dense and deep,
Beasts fierce and cruel roam,
While serpents huge, and insects dread
Call this fair South their home.

All (taking their places together again).—

From the four points we come again,
And here together stand,
Wishing for North, East, West, and South,
God's blessing on each land.

LOOKING AHEAD.

(For any number of boys and girls.)

Boys.—

We now are but boys,
 Yet soon we'll be men,
 And what, do you think,
 Our work will be then?

Some shall use hammer, and plane, and saw ; (1)
 Others shall read weighty books of the law ; (2)
 Some shall be farmers, and drive the plow, (3)
 Earning our bread by the sweat of our brow,
 Scattering seeds and raking the hay, (4)
 Busy and happy, day after day.
 Some shall be doctors, and with well-balanced skill
 Shall heal all your aches, and send in our bill. (5)
 Some dentists shall be, and your molars pull out ; (6)
 And aldermen, some, capaciously stout. (7)
 Some shall use awl, and waxed end, and last, (8)
 Sewing your shoes so strong and so fast.
 Some shall be bakers, and knead the soft dough ; (9)
 Others clear glass in this manner shall blow ; (10)
 Some with the hammer and anvil shall work, (11)
 And there is not among us, one who will shirk.
 For work is man's portion, and all must agree
 Without it, unhappy and useless we'd be.

Girls.—

We're growing up too,
 And as you have heard
 What the boys mean to do
 We'll now say our word.

Some shall be weavers, and with shuttle or spool, (12)
 Weave beautiful fabrics, of silk, cotton, or wool;
 Some shall use needles, and stitch with such art, (13)
 That the sewing we do, will ne'er rip apart;
 Some shall use yardsticks and measure off well (14)
 Silks, muslins, or laces, which also we'll sell;
 Some shall be teachers, and teach all we can (15)
 To our eager young pupils—on the latest new plan;
 Some shall do housework and scrub, sweep, and broil, (16)
 Making home pleasant, for some son of toil.

1. The three motions of pounding, planing, and sawing in quick succession.

2. Left hand up, as if holding a book to read.

3. Both hands closed lightly, and held out in front—hands bent down.

4. Right hand makes the two motions of sowing and raking.

5. Right hand held at quite a distance above the left, as though holding a long bill.

6. Motion of extracting a tooth.

7. Hands clasped and held out in front forming with the arms a semicircle.

8. Motion with both hands of drawing in and out the waxed end.

9. Doubled fists—kneading.

10. Motion of blowing through a tube.

11. Vigorous motion of striking the blacksmith's hammer on anvil.

12. Motion of pushing shuttle—left and right.

13. Movement of stitching with thumb and finger of right hand.

14. A measuring movement, full length of the arms.

15. Right hand half-way raised, with the forefinger out.

16. Movements of scrubbing and sweeping in quick succession.

DRILLS.

JAPANESE FAN DRILL.

For thirteen girls.

One, representing the captain, wears a cape and hat with plume. Twelve girls, in pairs, each pair in a different colored costume;—example—two in white, two in blue, two in pink, two in orange, two in red, and two in light green, with caps of same material as dress, form the brigade. Any cheap material may be used and will look well. The captain holds in her hand a piece of cardboard, cut in the shape of a closed fan, which has written upon it the figures of the drill. The captain calls these figures in front of her brigade, who are arranged for procession in single file in this order;—6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Their fans are closed and are held against the right shoulder. At the command, "*Mark time,*" to four chords on the piano, eight steps must be heard, left, right, etc., standing still at entrance.

1. *Forward, march.* The captain leads the brigade all around the stage twice. When they are in line at back part of the stage the command

2. *Halt* is given.

3. *About face.* They turn to audience. No. 1 couple will be in the centre. They bow to each other, then

take four long steps forward, bow to the audience, separate right and left, and fall in line back of No. 6. Then No. 2 does the same, also No. 3, etc., until they have been around twice. The third time No. 1 pair come front, bow, and turn together to the right. No. 2 bow, and turn to the left, No. 3 to right, No. 4 to left, No. 5 to right, and No. 6 to left. Nos. 1 and 2 pair join at back of stage, forming a row of four. Nos. 3 and 4 form a second row, and Nos. 5 and 6 a third row. There are now three rows of four each.

(During this performance, the fans are closed and held at arm's length, down in front, with both hands, the captain all the while in front, facing her brigade.)

4. *Shoulder*. The fans are held by right and left hand to right shoulder (eight counts).

5. *Spread*. Open on the breast with both hands (eight counts).

6. *Down*. Quickly closed at the right side (eight counts).

7. *Unfurl*. From right shoulder spread fans with left and right hand eight times to eight counts. Close quickly and

8. *Down*. (Eight counts.)

9. *Flutter*. Short, quick, fanning movements (eight counts).

10. *Wave*. Fans spread and waved high over heads with right hand.

11. *Scornful*. Usual motion of fanning, with heads turned scornfully to the left.

12. *Playful*. Lean to audience, smile and flutter fans.

13. *Anger*. Face about and stamp one step forward, striking fans spitefully on the chest with right hand.

14. *Love*. Heads together affectionately, flutter fans.

15. *Invite.* Bend forward and beckon or invite with fans.

16. *Repel.* Slow movement of fans in a defiant manner, from left to right.

17. *Gossip.* Heads together as though chatting; flutter fans near the chin.

18. *Present.* Fans closed, with both hands out on a line with the chin.

19. *Snap.* Fans out at arm's length in front, open (vertically) and close with right hand four times (making a snapping noise).

20. *Down.* Fans closed at right side.

21. *Shoulder.* Closed fans held to right shoulder (eight counts).

22. *Carry.* Eight raps on palm of left hand with closed fans.

23. *Fence.* The partners raise their closed fans, cross and strike to four counts. Cross and strike, down at side, four counts.

24. *Ground.* Up arm's length (closed fans) touch ground and shoulder, up, ground and shoulder.

25. *Triumph.* Right foot one step forward, closed fans, up. Remain in position eight counts.

26. *Spread.* Hands still up in front, high, spread quickly, eight counts.

27. *Surrender.* Hands remain up, let fans fall to floor without moving the hand—remain motionless (hand still up).

28. *Recover.* Pick up, shoulder (four counts), down to side (four counts).

29. *Salute.* Touch caps (or lips) with fan, and out at arm's length eight counts.

30. *Discharge.* Fans spread directly in front, from

the breast and closed violently (making a snapping noise), eight counts.

31. *Down.* At the side, eight counts.

32. *Retreat.* Back row fall apart at the centre, and middle row step back into breach. The line thus formed fall apart at the centre, and the first row step back into breach. One row is thus formed, with partners together.

33. *Advance.* All together, four steps.

34. *Halt.* First couple bow to audience (slowly, four counts) and turn to the left. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 do the same and follow in slow movement, fall into single file, with fans held to right shoulder with both hands. March around in serpentine figure four times.

35. *Wind.* One end of the line remains still, while the others coil around, until all are close together on one corner of the stage.*

36. *Unwind.* Go off in single file, zigzag, with fans spread and held with both hands back of the head.

(To every figure eight counts. The brigade count silently. The captain may mark time with her fan. Any good $\frac{4}{4}$ -time march will do. Two marches will have a good effect—one for the marching, the other in the same key for the drill. Do not at any time let the fans hide the face. In fluttering they should be kept on a level with the chin.)

TAMBOURINE DRILL.

(For twelve girls of about equal size, forming the company, and one girl as captain.)

The girls may be dressed in white or fancy costume. The tambourines, of medium size, should be trimmed

with bunches of gay-colored ribbons about half an inch in width and three-quarters of a yard long, so tied that there will be two streamers of each color, each three-eighths of a yard long. These ribbons should be placed at each of the openings in the tambourine, except at the one by which it is held. The captain may carry an imitation tambourine, made of paper, upon which should be written the figures of the drill. This tambourine may be fastened to a wand, so that it may be used in marking time. To every figure eight counts. For music, any good $\frac{4}{4}$ -time march will do.

Captain enters and takes her position near the front of the stage to the left. Company enter, from opposite sides, in single files (half the number on one side and half on the other, partners being opposite to each other), those on the right holding their tambourines in one hand, those on the left in the other. They pass each other across the back of the stage, and still being in single file on opposite sides of the stage march down to the front; there pass each other in line as they did at the back, then return to the back, and as the partners meet in centre—1 and 1, 2 and 2, 3 and 3, 4 and 4, 5 and 5, 6 and 6—they form an arch with their tambourines, march in pairs to the front, where they separate to the right and left, return to the back, fall again into pairs, cross arms holding the tambourines erect and march to front, then go in pairs right and left—first pair to right, second pair to left, third pair to right, fourth pair to left, fifth pair to right, sixth pair to left. March round and fall into two rows across the stage, first, third, and fifth in front row, second, fourth, and sixth in back row, prepared for drill. Tambourines must all be held in the right hand for drill. (During

this march the captain may pace up and down, or stand with her arms folded.) After the company has formed in two lines, the captain advances and gives the command.

1. *Recede.* Company take four steps back and are in position for drilling.

2. *Bow.* Right foot forward, in front of the left, raise tambourine to erect position on left shoulder by right hand, left hand down at side. (As the tambourine is being raised to the shoulder, raise the left hand and strike the tambourine with the palm of it, letting the tambourine glide from under the hand to the shoulder, as the left hand goes down to the side again.)

3. *Down.* Tambourine at side (eight counts).

4. *Head.* Held with right hand on head (eight counts), left foot forward, body slightly bent, left hand on hip.

5. *Up.* Tambourine back of the head and a little above it, held by both hands and slightly tilted to the right—head turned a little to the left.

6. *Wave.* High over heads with right hand—left hand down at side.

7. *Ground.* Touch head (one count), shoulder (one count), hip (two counts) (all these motions with some force), ground (four counts), letting them lie flat on the ground, still holding them.

8. *Petition.* Raise quickly from ground, hold tambourine directly out in front, left hand placed across the breast.

9. *Listen.* Tambourine held back of right ear, left hand down at side.

10. *Anger.* Partners face each other, stamp and raise tambourines angrily as though about to strike.

11. *Reconciliation.* Let the tambourine fall to the side and throw a kiss from the tips of the fingers of the left hand.

12. *Poise.* Tambourine held down arm's length, left foot back, slightly lifted, left hand resting on left hip.

13. *Invert tambourines.* Right foot turned out to the right, tambourine inverted and held by both hands over head, elbows bent.

14. *Elbow.* Left arm placed diagonally across breast, fingers touching right shoulder, strike tambourine against left elbow, and rest the elbow upon it.

15. *Chest.* Right foot forward, knee bent, tambourine pressed against chest, with both hands crossed on the face of it.

16. *Arm movement.* Tambourine held by both hands, moved forward arm's length, then backward, striking chest (four times—eight counts).

17. *Strike.* Four raps with tambourine on knuckles of left hand (eight counts).

18. *Surrender.* Lay tambourines at feet, rise simultaneously, body erect, arms folded in front.

19. *Recover.* Stoop and pick up tambourine, resting it on right hip—left hand at side.

20. *Success.* Tambourine held aloft, left foot crossing the right foot in front, and resting on its toes.

21. *Wave.* Wave joyfully around the head.

22. *Weary.* Right elbow supported by left hand, head leaning to right, resting on tambourine, which is held in the right hand; eyes closed.

23. *Down.* Tambourine at side.

24. *Break ranks.* Front row fall back in pairs into back row, which breaks apart in pairs to receive them, forming one line, with the pairs in regular order, 1 and 1,

2 and 2, 3 and 3, etc., and then they together take four steps back (the captain to the side).

25. *Form rings.* They take four steps forward, and form two circles—six in each, each girl holding her own tambourine with one hand, and that of the girl next to her with the other. (The tambourines may be held arm's length down, or arm's length out.)

26. *Revolve.* The circle at the left takes eight steps around to the right, then reverse, taking eight steps to the left; while the circle at the right take eight steps to the left, then reverse, taking eight steps to the right.

27. *Pair off.* They form in line again in pairs, and march around the stage. When in middle of stage, the first couple face each other, and form an arch with their tambourines touching at arm's length above them, held by both hands (as in "Raise the Gate"). The second couple pass under them, their tambourines held directly in front of them with both hands. As soon as they are through, they raise their tambourines, making a second arch. The third couple pass through both arches, and make a third arch, then the fourth, making a fourth arch, followed by the fifth and sixth. Then the first couple lower their tambourines, pass through the five arches, and separate, one going to the right, the other to the left. Then the second couple go through the remaining arches and do the same, also the third, fourth, and fifth. Then the sixth drop their arms and follow. These two lines march around the stage twice, going in opposite directions, tambourines at the side. The third time they meet, the couples fall together and march off the stage, holding their tambourines with both hands on their heads.

A SIMPLE MARCH.

WITH HAND MOVEMENTS.

For any number (a multiple of 4) of boys and girls.

The movements (excepting the clapping and stamping) are not to be made simultaneously as in a drill, but upon reaching a given point in the march: thus in No. 2—the hands are to be placed on hips just as each couple reaches the centre of the back part of stage preparatory to moving front. Each movement to be continued (excepting clapping and stamping) until the next displaces it.

1. Enter in couples from the back and march entirely around the stage once.

2. March down the centre in couples: hands on the outer side being placed on the hips, hand back, thumb front.

3. At the front, couples separate, turning right and left, and march in single line to the back; arms folded behind them.

4. These single lines turn toward sides of stage, turn and march front, having arms folded in front of them.

5. Still in single lines make a short turn and march to the back, with both hands resting on hips, arms curved.

6. March to centre of back, when couples join and march to the front: partners' hands that are next each other resting on each other's shoulders, and their other hands just touching with finger-tips the tops of their own heads, the arms being bent in a graceful curve.

7. Turn in couples right and left—first couple to right; second, to left; third, to right; fourth, to left; and so on, each couple having their arms twined about each other's waist. March to the back and turn toward the centre.

8. At centre, first couple meets the second—the third meets the fourth, and so on, and they march in fours to the front—hands down at sides—where they stand still for eight counts or beats, simply marking the time lightly with the feet.

9. Clap hands four times to the next four counts, and stamp the right foot four times to the next four.

10. Resume the march—first couple turning to right, and second to left, and so on, each couple crossing inner arms and clasping each other's hands behind them. March to the back and turn toward centre.

11. March down centre in couples, arms on the outer side extended horizontally at full length.

12. On reaching the front bring the extended hand to the lips and throw an imaginary kiss to audience.

13. Continue the march around the stage (partners clasping each other's hands in front) to point of exit.

A COMPLETE LIST of the contents of the ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL, Alphabetically Arranged.

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"I have used the numbers of the Elocutionist's Annual for four years, and have found it the **best collection of standard pieces**, both for my own reading and for the use of my pupils, **that I have ever seen.**"—Prof. J. M. GILLAM, *Instructor in Elocution in Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois.*

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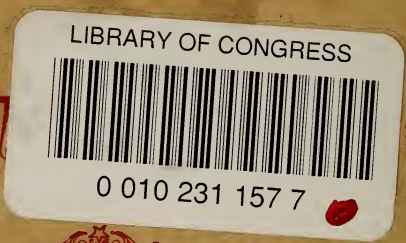
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